

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL 59

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SIXPENCE.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN DENTON PINKSTONE FRENCH,
THE BRILLIANT CAVALRY LEADER WHO RELIEVED KIMBERLEY ON FEB. 15.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

THE CLUBMAN.

*General French, our foremost Cavalry Leader—Gentle yet Strong “Kekky”—
Mess Expenses.*

It is curious that most of the cavalry leaders in the present war are men who have themselves thought, and their friends as well, that their careers as soldiers were, at one time or another, ended. Of Lord Dundonald, in this respect, I have already written in these columns; and General French, when he came from India to England, was under the impression that he was permanently to be placed on the shelf. Sir Redvers Buller, then Adjutant-General, who knew French's fine qualities as a soldier, prevented this, and brought all his influence to bear to obtain a good appointment for him at home, and when the war broke out, recommended him strongly for employment in South Africa. Our foremost cavalry leader—for French has earned that title now—would never be taken, if seen in mufti, for a light-horse leader. He is of the short, thick-set, bulldog type that is generally associated with infantry, the kind of man to be entrusted to hold on to the last if placed in command of a besieged town.

Colonel Kekewich—“Kekky,” as his intimates call him—is one of the quietest, softest-mannered men who ever hid a very strong will under the gentlest of manners. When he was a Staff Officer in Egypt—and it was said of him that he was the best Staff Officer that ever was sent to the Land of the Pharaohs—and when he was Military Secretary in the Madras Presidency, he always got his way in important matters, but did it with such tact that the people overpersuaded always thought that his opinions were theirs. When he was promoted from his first regiment, “The Buffs,” he protested, for he was very fond of the regiment, and the regiment was very fond of him; but he was advised very strongly at headquarters not to kick against the good-fortune that was coming to him. His second transfer to a regiment in Ceylon, the moving of that corps to South Africa, and the despatch of its headquarters to Kimberley, were all lucky events in a fortunate career.

The matter of the expenses that every officer is put to, and which prevent many youngsters who would make first-class soldiers from joining the Service, has been brought up in Parliament, and Mr. Wyndham has promised that attention shall be given to it. The attention that the question will probably receive is that the deaf adder pays to the pipe. There are certain very minor reforms which would lighten the burden that is thrown on a young officer's shoulders, but such reforms would cost a little money in the beginning to the Government, and so the small permanent men who pull the strings, except in really big matters, prevent any changes being made.

I was a mess-president for many years, and as to mess expenses I can speak with some authority. Whenever the regiment of which I was an item moved, it took with it, for the officers' mess, a huge incubus of luggage and stores. Not only did the plate and china that the regiment was proud of, and which had a history of its own, go from end to end of the earth, but great crates of breakfast-cups and plates, the dinner-service for the six evenings in the week which were not guest-nights, pots and pans innumerable, and often cases of wine which the incoming regiment would not take over, were heaped up on the waggons or railway-trucks and paid for as extra baggage. I once found five men hoisting into a truck a perfectly useless stove, which had been duly weighed, thinking it a point of honour not to leave it for the newcomers. If at every military station, ordinary china, with the Royal monogram on it, for the officers' messes was issued, just as bowls and plates are to the men, and accounted for in the same way; if in every mess-kitchen the barrack-sergeant saw that the transfer of necessary cooking-utensils from regiment to regiment was made, a very great saving to the officers' pockets would be the result.

To most reforms in messes the opposition comes from the younger officers. The man who has lived long enough to know what a good dinner is prefers, on nights that he is not at a dinner-party, a very simple meal. Soup, fish, and a cut from a joint is a good enough dinner on ordinary occasions for the greatest gourmand. For young men in strong exercise, as subalterns and all the younger officers are, another dish is necessary. The ordinary mess-contract, however, is a marvellous document. The contractor is bound down to provide an elaborate meal, including two *entrées* and “game in season.” Breakfast and lunch are provided as cheaply as possible, but the day's messing makes a big hole in a subaltern's pay.

As an example of this, let me tell a little story. At a foreign station, which shall be nameless, I knew one of the leading merchants very well. One day he told me that he could put a bargain in my way. One of the best-known of the Rheims firms, wishing to establish a connection in this particular colony, had sent out a first consignment of champagne. One or two of the bottles were found to be ullaged, and my friend had received instructions to sell it all as ullaged wine. I got it for a mere song. It was wine which, if not sold in this way, would have been far above the price the mess could pay. The subalterns, however, heard that it had been sold as being ullaged, and, not knowing what that was, thought it must mean something bad. When it was first brought round at a guest-night, they would have none of it. I had as many empty bottles as possible of the brand they had drunk before collected, and before guest-dinners decanted the new wine into them. The subalterns saw the label they were used to, and were happy; the seniors enjoyed the wine and the joke.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

French's Dashing Relief of Kimberley—Retreat of Cronjé—Capture of Convoy, and Occupation of Jacobsdal.

At an early hour on Friday last a wave of exultation swept over the country, for on this memorable date there was received in London a piece of news that the country had long been hoping for—namely, that Kimberley had been relieved. After exactly one hundred and twenty-two days of investment at the hands of the enemy, the siege of the gallant and hard-pressed garrison there was raised by the great tactical skill and organising power of Lord Roberts, and by the energy and the determination of a British column, led by Lieutenant-General French. Little wonder, then, that the glad tidings were hailed with the utmost joy throughout the length and breadth of the land. Only once before in the history of the present war—namely, when the result of the Battle of Eland's Laagte reached England—did popular feeling run so high.

The manner in which this brilliant operation was effected was one that reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, and the tactical skill and vigour of action displayed on this occasion have seldom been equalled. Put as briefly as possible, the story of this splendid and memorable episode in the conduct of hostilities on the Western Border amounts to the following—

On Sunday, the 11th inst., Lord Roberts considered his plans to be sufficiently matured to permit of the commencement of the long-deferred “forward movement.” As a preliminary, therefore, Colonel Hannay, with a brigade of Mounted Infantry, advanced from Orange River Station and seized Ramdam. This is a small hamlet on the Riet River, some ten miles to the south of Jacobsdal. The next morning, French, pushing boldly forward with his cavalry, secured the passage of the river for the 6th and 7th Infantry Divisions at De Keil's Drift, about six miles further south. These, accordingly, crossed on the following day, and bivouacked for the night on the right bank of the stream.

In the meantime, French had been actively at work. Leaving the Drift early in the morning, with a mixed force of Cavalry, Artillery, and Colonials, he advanced across the open veldt in the face of the enemy. By the evening of this day he had pushed twenty-five miles northwards, gained the Modder River, forced a passage at Klip Drift, seized the hills to the north here, and captured three Boer laagers. And all this with but trifling loss to himself, despite the fact that the advance was made under the most trying conditions imaginable. Thus, throughout the whole of the day's advance—much of which involved severe fighting—the most excessive heat prevailed, a blinding dust-storm raged, and the water-supply gave out at an early hour. Lord Roberts' generous tribute to the brave and skilful soldier conducting these operations was well deserved. The strain imposed upon his force was a heavy one, but they responded to it nobly.

On Wednesday the forward movement of practically the whole of the British force was continued, under the personal direction of Lord Roberts, with, of course, the assistance of his able adviser, Lord Kitchener. The occupation of Jacobsdal had been resolved upon, and, before twenty-four hours had passed, British pluck and skilful generalship had achieved this object. Full particulars are not as yet to hand regarding the manner in which the capture of the town was effected, but my readers may rest assured that, in the words of Reuter's Correspondent, “when the public know all the details, they will be proud of the Army and of its commander.” By the way, it was on this occasion that the “C.I.V.” received their “baptism of fire,” their behaviour being described by Lord Roberts himself as “most gallant.”

While the occupation of Jacobsdal was in progress, the great event of that memorable day—the relief of Kimberley—was being effected by General French. Making his way steadily forward, with a force of Horse Artillery, Cavalry, and Mounted Infantry, he encountered a strong party of the enemy in position between Alexandersfontein and Oliphantsfontein, to the south of the beleaguered town. At the former place he was joined by Colonel Kekewich, who, with a contingent of the Kimberley garrison, sallied out to render what assistance he could. Stubborn fighting promptly ensued, but the result was a foregone conclusion, for the enemy could make no stand against troops possessed of such fine military qualities as those animating these two forces. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the Boers were completely dispersed, and compelled to abandon their positions, with the loss of their laager, a quantity of stores, and a large supply of ammunition.

Thus was effected the relief of Kimberley, which, since Oct. 15, 1899, had been continuously invested by a hostile force. Most appropriately, then, did the officers there celebrate the raising of the siege, whose rigours it had experienced so long, by a dinner at the Kimberley Club (according to Reuter).

Lieutenant-General French and Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich, who so distinguished themselves in connection with the events thus recorded, have not had long to wait before reaping recognition for their services. Thus, on Friday night it was announced in the *London Gazette* that the Queen had been pleased to promote these two officers to the ranks immediately above their late (not “local”) ones, French becoming Major-General, and Kekewich substantive Colonel.

It is as a cavalryman that General French has spent the whole of the six-and-twenty years that he has devoted to “soldiering.” His regiment was the 19th Hussars, and in this he obtained the coveted post of Adjutant soon after his first appointment thereto. When the Nile Expedition of 1884 was in progress, French went out with the corps as its Second-in-Command and saw a good deal of desert-fighting. It was on this

occasion that he first came into contact with Sir Redvers Buller, and impressed him so favourably with his worth that he was specially selected by him for his present appointment.

Of Colonel R. G. Kekewich it may truthfully be stated that he has an old head on young shoulders. With the vigour and mental activity of a man of thirty or so, he has the resource and judgment of one of

As a result of the different operations referred to in the foregoing paragraphs, the war has entered upon a new stage. Thus, hostilities have now, for the first time since their commencement, been carried on by us in the enemy's country. By penetrating into the Free State in the manner described, the centre of the Boer position has at length been pierced. The effect of this manœuvre has been immediate, and at the



COLONEL ROBERT G. KEKEWICH, WHO COMMANDED KIMBERLEY DURING THE LONG SIEGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWNING, EXETER.

twice this age, as has been abundantly evidenced by the able manner in which he has conducted the defence of Kimberley during the last four months. Yet he is scarcely forty-five years old, and did not commence his military career until 1874. Previous to being appointed to his present regiment—the Loyal North Lancashire—Colonel Kekewich belonged in succession to the East Kent and the Inniskilling Fusiliers. He had already seen service in Perak and Egypt.

time of writing the welcome news is to hand that Cronjé is in full flight towards Bloemfontein. Seventy-eight waggon-loads of stores belonging to him were captured by General Kelly-Kenny during his retreat. Pole-Carew now commands the Guards, who have occupied Magersfontein, and Hector Macdonald, with the Highland Brigade, joined Kelly-Kenny in pursuit of the Boers. General Clements has, in Cape Colony, reoccupied Dordrecht; and in Natal, Buller has taken Hussar Hill.

IN MASK AND KHAKI AT THE LATEST COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Forty-four years ago, come the 4th of March, Covent Garden Theatre was burned to the ground at the close of a *Bal Masqué* given by Professor Anderson, "the Wizard of the North." Did you never see the Professor in his feats of legerdemain? Did you never see him play Rob Roy or Jock Howieson in "Cramond Brig"? Then, indeed, thou hast not lived. Anderson, actor, manager, prestidigitateur, witnessed the destruction of the Opera House at the time England was mourning over the terrible death-roll of the Crimean War.

But there was not a man dismayed in the old theatre on Wednesday night or Thursday morning last by the recollection. Gentlemen in khaki ordered South obeyed a primary call to the West. It was the last night in England for many of them. On the morrow, in cold sleet or driving snow, the anchor would be weighed and the transport sail for a far-distant shore. The music of Dan Godfrey's band would be silent, and the pleasures of a parquet floor would give way to forced marches and the breaking of shells carrying no promise of prospective omelettes.

The men in mask and khaki braced their nerves, put on their marching-boots, fitted their spurs, and resolved to whirl out the few precious hours in the company of veiled and powdered beauty.

A strange, cosmopolitan crowd, this assemblage of soldiers and sinners; of Society, curious and cautious, seeking the refuge of the private-box as an added protection to mask and domino. A noisy crowd, full of animal spirits as to the men—and with a distinct tendency in many quarters to spirits of a different order; a motley body as to the women. Fancy-dress! What is it? Are a red shawl and a comforter sufficient distinction for one-half of humanity, and a white tie, as the crowning glory of an old evening-suit, sufficient for the other? The jingling of the guinea healed the hurt the management felt when its customers palpably preferred the raiment of the British waiter to a hired confection from the costumier's.

They soon settle down at Covent Garden Balls—that is to say, the people who have come to settle down. You will never be wholly rid of the man whose idea of madly riotous diversion is to stand against the wall and blink benevolently whenever beauty, either from Bayswater or the Fulham Road, taps him with her fan. The painful determination not to make an idiot of himself induces a settled gloom. Though a lady cheerfully and artlessly address him as "Old boy," he never cultivates a touch of proudly assertive juvenility.

The Guards' Waltz, with the cornet-à-piston in full blast, cannot cheer his melancholy soul. "I like to be a Swell, a Regular Downright Swell," sang Burnand to this air in the long ago. At Covent Garden you cannot feel a swell if courage and enterprise have not lured you to a false nose and a more or less unfaithful affectation of the robes of Dr. Sacheverell.

The ancient manners of the Derby-drag are indispensable to an enjoyment of the night. Anonymous charms, muffled to the forehead in impenetrable black, may raise up a fearful and wonderful curiosity in your depressed and gloomy soul.

Is it a Duchess, a Countess, a leader of a fashionable salon, or the wife of a Cabinet Minister who has come to see for herself what the fun is? Follow her, and try to find out. The unknown treads a limited course. She walks as a shade in the silence of night; she vanishes to her box in a silence as of death. That high-kicker in the quadrille—the lady struggling through the Lancers with an amatory Yeoman on one side of her and a demonstratively embraceful Pierrot on the other—she is not a Duchess or a Countess, unless the manners of the nobility have mightily changed. Nor is the gentleman with tie awry, scattering pence upon the floor, a Duke, an Earl, or even an untitled landowner. It is only people with little money who are careless of the little they have.

The musicians crash into the crescendo of the waltz, and the drummer rattles his kettles till they sing again. Under the star-spangled sky, with the radiant blue of the scene-painter's brush illuminating its ample firmament, the trumpets bray and the cymbals clash. "Up above the world so high," far from the crushing and the pushing, the emotionless bandsman follows the score. In the hustling, rustling world below the "score" of the warm-hearted "Johnny" grows apace.

Whether he be Henry VIII. or Jack-in-the-Green, a perambulating lighthouse or The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, his hospitality is boundless. Phyllises in short skirts of a rurality known only to the glare of the footlights, Daphnes in paste diamonds looking almost better than the real thing, toast him in bumpers of champagne from tapering goblets tossed.

A rabble rout as the floor becomes crowded and the dancers demonstrative, but the gentlemen in mask and khaki enjoy it all. They eat and drink and are merry—for on the morrow they sail. Overcome by the heat and excitement, one drops upon a settee, where a disposition to sleep overtakes him. "Wake up—the Boers are coming!" cries a female voice. In vain. He has not finished killing Kruger with his snores.

Upon the night air, when we reach it, the market-carts rattle like tumbrels taking victims to their doom. The dance is done, the music dead, the last cab has triumphantly run the gauntlet of objecting vegetable-waggons and speeds Westward in the oncoming rain. And the masks lie littered, with their glory gone, for the spurred and booted will know them no more—for another year, at least. Khaki is the only wear, and the special leaves at half-past seven.

THE BENSON SEASON.

Mr. Benson and his company have come, been seen—and it is not clear whether they have conquered or not at the Lyceum, but, at least, certain that they have made an excellent impression. Perhaps a remark made in the theatre hits the situation exactly: "No one will rave about them, but everybody will admire their work and be interested." Yet there were moments in "Henry the Fifth" so pertinent to the moment that the house thrilled, and thrilling often is akin to raving. One has an admirable, if not astonishing, company, a performance of a high degree of merit, and nothing quite surprising. Mr. Benson's King is a strong, manly piece of work, full of sincerity, and embellished by a suggestion of kingly character; perhaps it is a little deficient in charm and in hint of the "amiable brutality" said to please many of one section of playgoers. The mounting of the piece shows great cleverness in giving colour and life to a play which even some of the keenest admirers accuse of want of dramatic interest; and many scenes, such as the attack on Harfleur, and the pictures of the riotous French and prayerful English camp, are remarkably effective, though one may suggest that the song introduced is undesirable, and that some people will not welcome the battle tableau which, though very striking, has, like its predecessors at another theatre, rather too much of a Madame Tussaud flavour for Shakspeare. Such faults, however, are venial; and yet, since they indirectly cause the choruses to be cut, I regret them, and the more seeing that we lose the splendid lines so apt to present circumstances of the English preparations for war—lines I would quote but for the assumption that everyone knows them, or, at least, has a copy of the play and can read them.

There are quite a number of players, comparatively new to London, whom one would like to mention, and also like, perhaps very unfairly, to retain in town. Mr. Rodney, the Exeter, might stay to teach some of our London players how to pronounce blank verse with a due sense of music and rhythm. We have few, if any, low-comedians of Mr. G. R. Weir's quality, which appears even in the rather dry part of the over-talkative Fluellen; whilst players of the broad and quiet force of Mr. Swete, who even gave a little touch of poetry to his portrayal of the rough soldier, Williams, are rare. It is a pity that a man of Mr. Oscar Asche's ability should render his really powerful Pistol so needlessly ugly; after all, the humour in paint and powder is of a humble character, needless for actors of his quality. One of the agreeable surprises was the spirited comical "boy" companion to Pistol and his "pals," as played by Miss Kitty Loftus. The character of the King of France may cause some dispute, since nothing in the text suggests the fits of insanity of which Mr. Brydone gave an ingenious hint, whereby he succeeded in presenting a very vivid little picture.

One wishes to see Mrs. Benson in a part more difficult than that of Katharine, and yet not hampered by speaking French, and can merely speak now of her grace and charm in the curious wooing scene, acted by Mr. Benson with no little humour. The Dame Quickly of Miss Denvil is really admirable, and the famous account of Falstaff's death was most effective and pathetic, despite the comic phrases. Taken altogether, the "Henry the Fifth" is an admirable revival which well deserves full support by our playgoers.

E. F. S.

There has been some paragraphic commotion of late as to a statement that Mr. George Lederer intended to produce, at the Shaftesbury, at Eastertide, his American adaptation of "Les Fétards," which, under the name of "The Rounders," was fully described, both pictorially and paragraphically, in *The Sketch* a month or two back. Many wondered how this could be, seeing that Mr. George Edwardes holds the English rights, and had long ago settled to produce his adaptation, also next Easter, in combination with Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. At the moment of going to press, I am able to relieve the minds of all concerned by stating that it has just been decided that, inasmuch as Mr. Lederer's version is only based, as it were, upon "Les Fétards," Mr. Edwardes has given him permission to bring this to the Shaftesbury, and that he will also adhere to the Edwardes-Gatti contract for the production of the English close adaptation.

On the opening night of the suburban tour of "Hearts are Trumps," from Drury Lane, at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell, a very serious accident took place. In the famous Alpine scene in the last act, the hero and heroine, Mr. Williamson and Miss Dora Barton—the creators of the parts at Drury Lane—take flying leaps from glacier to glacier. At the Lane this was made quite safe by the wearing of strong Grigolati bodices and the use of the patent wires; but at the Métropole some others were substituted, and, the moment the two left their rock, both wires broke and they were sent hurling headlong down an abyss of some fifteen feet. For some moments no one knew what had happened, as, instead of coming up the ladder in the usual way, they lay still at the bottom until dragged up by an arm and cloths. Miss Barton was severely bruised and shaken, but no bones were broken. Mr. Williamson was unable to walk without assistance, being badly bruised. To their praise, be it said, both heroically took their call in order to assist the management in preventing a panic. On the second night, neither was able to play; on the third Miss Barton struggled through, a dummy being used for the leap; but, since, she has been very ill from nervous shock, and was confined to bed, while it will be some time before poor young Williamson is about again, as the muscles of his calf are lacerated and the bone much bruised. Could not the County Council supervise such things?



Photo by Mendelssohn, Rembridge Crescent, W.

MISS MURIEL WILSON,
WHO REPRESENTED "PEACE" AND "WAR" SO EFFECTIVELY AT THE GUARDS' CHARITY FESTIVAL AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

See "The Sketch" Small Talk.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS ON THE STAGE.

The last time Mr. Benson was in London, Mr. Stephen Phillips, who has since acquired an excellent reputation as a poet, was a member of his company, playing such parts as the King in "Hamlet," and, by way of contrast, one of the clowns in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In this company he made his first appearance on the stage, for he and Mr. Benson are relatives, and, when he was anxious to take his plunge in the troubled waters of the theatre, the elder actor offered him the opportunity. Mr. Phillips was still in his teens at the time, and had, naturally, to content himself with small parts. One of the first given to him was Balthazar in "Romeo and Juliet," the servant who comes on at the beginning of the fifth act to tell Romeo of the death of Juliet.

Mr. Benson called his young relative into his room a day or two after his arrival and gave him some hints on the art of acting. He impressed upon him that the great thing was to act, and that the words of the part were of comparatively secondary importance. Mr. Benson has to some extent modified these views. Having received this lesson, Mr. Phillips went off to study his part. When he got his cue in the evening, he went on to the stage and knelt at Romeo's feet, in accordance with the business of the part. He began the speech, and managed to get out a line or two, and then he stuck fast, the result, no doubt, of natural nervousness. Mr. Benson prompted, and Mr. Phillips tried "to take the prompt," but it was all to no purpose, and somehow or other the scene was got through. At the end of the play, Mr. Benson sent for the young actor, and asked what he meant by coming on to the stage without knowing his part. Mr. Phillips saw that the only way out of the dilemma was to put a bold face on the matter, and carry the war into the enemy's country. With the utmost blandness, he looked up and said, "Well, you told me this morning that the great thing for an actor to do was to act, and not to trouble my head about the words. That is what I did; I was acting."

OFFICERS OF THE 17TH LANCERS.

The photographer who sent the portrait-group of officers of this gallant cavalry regiment could not furnish the names in time to go underneath the photograph. Thus they come to be given here—

Lieutenant Carden, Captain V. S. Sandeman, Hon. Baring, Hon. C. W. H. Cavendish, Lieutenant Morritt, Lieutenant Fletcher, Lieutenant R. B. Sheridan, Lieutenant Thompson, Lieutenant D'A. Legard, Lieutenant Brassey, Lieutenant and Quartermaster Clarke, Hon. A. W. J. C. Skeffington, Lieutenant Davis, Veterinary-Surgeon Taylor, Captain P. B. Portal, Hon. Major M. H. D. Fortescue, Major E. B. Herbert, Major H. W. R. Ricardo, Captain C. A. S. Warner, Captain Shaw Stewart, Lieutenant Matthews, Surgeon Bird, Lieutenant Gouraud.

THIS WEEK'S PLAY-BILL CHANGES

Monday, Royalty: "Mrs. Jordan," "Magda." Tuesday, Garrick: "Bootles' Baby." Thursday, Vaudeville: "The Bishop's Eye." Saturday, Prince of Wales's: "Don Juan's Last Wager."

"The Scarletts," by E. Logan, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is an unpretentious little book for children. It deals with the simple adventures of some small boys and girls.

HAYMARKET.—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
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MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday) and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (with the whole of Mendelssohn's music).
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2 (except Ash Wednesday, Feb. 28).

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (doors open 8), Anthony Hope's
RUPERT OF HENTZAU,
Sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda."
MATINEES of THE PRISONER OF ZENDA every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.20.

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THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).
By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond. Part I.—Content's: Evils of Corpulency—
Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy,
&c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at
any age—Quack Medicines, Acids, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous,
temporary, or useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work,
Exercise, &c., &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.
Opinion of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—*QUEEN*. "The only safe and permanent cure of
obesity."—*WESTERN GAZETTE*. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—*LADY*.
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

HOW SOLDIERS SIGNAL.

Everyone who follows closely the course of events in the war must have often noticed that messages are stated to have been received by "heliograph."

The heliograph is a small, circular mirror which flashes rays of light on to another mirror at a distance. The operator sights the mirror in such a way that the rays from the source of light (usually the sun) will be reflected on to a similar mirror at a distant station. By depressing a key at the back of the mirror, the light can be flashed for long or short periods on to the second mirror. The code used is known as the "Morse code." A long flash is called a "dash," and a short one a "dot," and, by combinations of dots and dashes, intelligible signals can be sent. The longest range of the heliograph is probably not more than eighty or ninety miles. Sometimes, for longer distances, relays of heliograph-signallers are employed, each in turn sending on the message to the next in line.

The fact that the Government has entered into an agreement with the Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company for the use of the Marconi system of Space Telegraphy during the present campaign is very satisfactory, and shows that every effort is being made by the War Office to avail themselves of the latest appliances of modern science.

As this is the first time that wireless telegraphy has been used in actual warfare, great interest attaches to the working of the instruments that have been sent to "the front." One cannot but hope that the value of the Marconi system will be proved incontestably.

The first time that the electric telegraph was employed in the Army was in the Crimea, and since that time it has always held the first place in the conveyance of intelligence. It is quite the most rapid means of communication between fixed points, but there are many drawbacks to its use. Owing to the bulky nature of the apparatus, its transport is difficult. A considerable time is occupied in laying the wires and erecting the poles, and, when once the line is complete, there is the constant danger of the enemy cutting the cable or tapping the wire. Throughout its entire length the line must be protected by patrols. Experience in savage warfare has shown that natives take a peculiar delight in cutting the wire, sometimes with a view to destroying communication; sometimes for the sake of the wire, which they use for the manufacture of bullets.

Along the Khyber line during the Afghan War of 1879-80 the wire was cut ninety-eight times, and sixty miles of it were carried away. It is here that wireless telegraphy is likely to supplant the electric telegraph, for no connecting wires are needed, and the enemy will have either to destroy the instruments or to influence the messages by sending ether waves across their line of direction in order to render the system unavailing.

Visual signalling has proved of immense importance in the operations of war. The chief thing is, of course, a clear atmosphere, but, granted this, signals may be sent over long distances in wonderfully quick time.

Visual signalling can be carried out over the enemy's head without his being able to prevent it. Of course, in this system, elevated ground is necessary if the messages are to be sent for many miles. Where no hills, forts, buildings, &c., are available, artificial erections, known as "observatories," "crow's-nests," &c., must be made.

The following remarks, made by Lieut.-Colonel A. Davidson in his report on the signalling operations in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-5, are of especial interest just now. He says: "Nothing could be worse for signalling than the ground between Maritsani and Mafeking, the range of vision being limited to four or five miles in any direction, and no isolated hills being visible. The grass was high and thick, and the ground covered with clumps of thick, high, bush veldt. Under these circumstances it was necessary to build mounds on which to place the heliographs, to give them elevation, and to cut lanes through the trees."

Visual signalling is carried out by flag, heliograph, and lamp (which may be electric, gas, oil, or oxyhydrogen). Three kinds of flags are used—the large flag, the small flag, and the semaphore flag. In the last case, only used for short distances, the soldier holds one flag in each hand, and sends messages by manipulating these. In the other two cases one flag only is employed, being held by both hands. Signals are sent on the dot-and-dash principle, or "Morse code."

The heliograph, as has already been said, is a small mirror which catches light-rays and flashes them on to a distant mirror. Signalling by heliograph has been carried out over a distance of ninety miles or so in countries which, like India, have plenty of sun and a clear atmosphere. The heliograph, though generally employed when the sun is shining, has been used with effect at night, the rays of the moon or the light from lamps being used. In other forms of night-signalling, electric, gas, oil, and limelight lamps are employed.

The communication of intelligence by mounted orderlies and cyclists is, of course, the surest method, for, if the messenger gets safely to his destination, there can be no mistake in the message, an occurrence liable to occur in visual signalling. But the rider may be killed or captured; he may lose his way, or his horse may break down.

It is needless to describe the instruments which will be used in the Transvaal for the sending and receiving of wireless messages, as these are by this time so well known. One point, however, may be mentioned. To send messages through space by electric waves over long distances, a high pole is necessary; if no high point of vantage is available, a kite or balloon can be requisitioned, and a wire led from one of these down to the transmitting and receiving station.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen and Bugler Dunn.

Little Bugler Dunn (portrayed in *The Sketch* of last week) must be a proud boy this week. He is the youngest soldier who has ever been received in audience by his Sovereign. This youthful hero, who is said to have been the first of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers that actually scrambled up the further bank of the Tugela, and who was certainly the first to receive a wound, bravely continued to blow his bugle. During a recent Royal visit to Netley, both Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christian were much struck by the lad's pluck and unassuming modesty, and, shortly afterwards, Dunn was "commanded" to proceed to Osborne, in order to personally present his photograph to his Sovereign. Her Majesty has always had a very tender place in her heart for those of her soldiers who are to all intents and purposes mere boys, and the fact that Bugler Dunn is himself the son of a first-rate soldier, Sergeant Dunn, makes him, of course, an even more interesting young personage than he would otherwise be. Some kind folk are expressing a doubt as to whether young Dunn's head will not be turned by all the kindness showered upon him during the last few days; but, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is very little doubt that happiness and success have, on most people, an excellent and exhilarating effect, and the fact that the boy's one wish is to get back to the scene of action is surely a sufficient proof of how little he is being spoilt.

Although few people seem to be aware of it, the Queen has frequently become god-mother to the orphan children of those officers who have fallen in her service; and, if anything could help to console the widow of Major Denne-Denne, who was killed in the Battle of Eland's Laagte, in her terrible bereavement, it must be the thought that her fatherless boy, born a few days after the terrible news came home, is now in a very special sense under the protection of his Sovereign. Curiously similar was the last occasion on which Her Majesty stood sponsor to a gallant officer's posthumous child. Captain Findlay, of the Gordon Highlanders, was, I believe, the only officer killed at the Battle of the Atbara; some time later, his bride-wife gave birth to a son, to whom the Queen became godmother. The Sovereign takes her duties as sponsor very seriously; a careful register is kept of all her godchildren, and she retains a very kindly interest in their welfare, presenting them on all the more important occasions of their lives with beautiful and suitable gifts, which not unfrequently take the form of a bust or statuette of herself. Victor Alexander Denne-Denne's two godfathers are both distinguished officers: the one, Major Wintour, is now at "the front," and the other is Colonel Burney, of the Gordon Highlanders.

Princess Christian. The news of the narrow escape of Prince and Princess Christian's gallant soldier-son across the Tugela has evoked much sympathy through the whole country, the more so that the Princess may justly claim to be the most popular and widely known of all the Queen's daughters. Owing to a variety of circumstances, Princess Helena, as many still style her, has been able in a special measure to devote herself to the care of the poor and of the suffering. Her home has always been in this country, and within a comparatively short distance of town; accordingly, Cumberland Lodge has gradually become one of the greatest philanthropic centres in the kingdom. As a girl, the young Princess, fired by the example of Florence Nightingale, ardently desired to become a nurse. After some hesitation, the Queen decided that her daughter must give up her cherished ambition. But Her Royal Highness has remained keenly interested in all that concerns the art of healing, and the nursing

profession owe her more than will ever be known, for she has worked late and early to secure to trained nurses proper recognition and treatment. Her amiable daughter, Princess Victoria, aids Princess Christian materially in her charitable work.

The Duchess of Fife.

Very little notice has been taken of the serious illness of the Duchess of Fife, who has undergone a most serious operation at 15, Portman Square, the family physician, Dr. W. M. Abbott Anderson, having had to sleep in the house on several consecutive nights. "Princess Louise of Wales," as she is known to the public, is so well liked for her kindness, and, if it can so be styled, for her "unpretentiousness of position," that everyone will be glad to know that she is rapidly recovering her usual good health. Her illness has been kept a profound secret, and it is due to Dr. Abbott Anderson to state that this reference to Her Royal Highness does not emanate from him, but from an absolutely different source of information. This may be looked upon as a quibble from the *qui s'excuse s'accuse* point of view, but it is none the less true.

"The Masque of War and Peace."

All the World and his wife are still discussing the wonderful performance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Thanks not only to the many beautiful women who threw themselves with such zeal into making each item of the Feb. 13 programme a success, but owing also to the indefatigable efforts of such notable people as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Percy Anderson, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, Mr. L. N. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and last, not least, the enthusiastic and brilliant audience—who, after all, provided the £7000 realised during this historical evening—the whole affair surpassed the expectations

formed by the most sanguine of its promoters; and, even if everything had not gone off as well as it did, the most censorious critic might well have been disarmed by the quaint little verse—

Ladies and Lords who here our Masque have seen,
As critics be more merciful than keen,
'Twas all to help the Guards of England's Queen.

Military Tableaux. The tableaux dealing directly or indirectly with "the Military," past and present, naturally evoked very special enthusiasm. When so many gallant Churchills are at "the front," there was something pathetic and grandiose in the reconstitution of the meeting of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough after Ramillies, the more so that the great General's much-loved Duchess was represented by one of her own descendants, Lady Georgiana Curzon, to wit; while "Handsome John" himself was most adequately reincarnated by Captain Maurice Bourke.

Miss Muriel Wilson and Mrs. Willie James.

But the tableaux, charming and artistic as they were, one and all, were but foretastes of the glories of the Masque aptly named "War and Peace," in which the title-roles were taken by the young lady who is admittedly the reigning beauty of the moment, namely, Miss Muriel Wilson, who appeared as "War" in a splendid blood-red robe and golden helmet, and as "Peace" in a white, statuesque toga, the martial helmet being replaced by an exquisite wreath of deep-red poppies. Very lovely was the costume of Mrs. Charles Crutchley, who, as "Glory," appeared as a symphony in yellow, a golden halo round her head, and gold and copper cymbals in her hands. In delightful contrast to this glorious wealth of colouring and splendid



LADY HARTOPP, ONE OF THE SOCIETY DAMES AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE GRAND WAR-FETE.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

costumes was pretty Mrs. Willie James, who, as "Mercy," recalled to the hearts and minds of the audience the great part played in modern days by the valiant Army Nurse. Certainly the most delightful feature introduced into the Masque consisted of the dances, in which Mrs. Charles Crutchley, Mrs. Martineau, and little Miss Viola Tree (her slight, girlish figure draped in diaphanous chiffon and crêpe-de-Chine decked with wreaths of flowers) aroused real enthusiasm. Mrs. Crutchley, who is perhaps the best amateur dancer in the kingdom, first made her mark as a follower of Terpsichore in one of the Guards' Burlesques.

The Patriotic Picture.

As to the splendid scene modestly styled "A Patriotic Picture of Great Britain, her Colonies, and Dependencies"—which was undoubtedly what our French neighbours would call the *clou* of the whole programme, for it may be safely asserted that nothing more splendid was ever seen

on any stage in any country—beauty of form, beauty of colouring, beauty of grouping, and last, not least, beauty of dress, all contributed a share to the perfect whole. The central figure, Lady Westmorland, is, if the least known, not the least lovely of the group of sisters which includes Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Mother Country might well feel a thrill of pride at being so exquisitely represented. Mr. Percy Anderson was to be specially congratulated on Lady Westmorland's costume, which, while eminently becoming to the wearer, suggested strength and majesty to quite a remarkable degree, being composed of white satin, over which was flung a great mantle of scarlet cloth, fastened in front with



MRS. WILLIE JAMES.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

two gold Celtic clasps, while the wreath of green leaves poised lightly on the hair had its colouring repeated in the Welsh harp wreathed with green. "Our Lady of the Snows" was delightfully presented by lovely, fair Lady Raincliffe, snugly enveloped in white furs and with very beautiful pearl ornaments. Her actual robe was of white velvet, the long angel fur-bordered sleeves being lined with frost flowers, while a touch of colour was supplied by the pale-gold helmet. Lord Shaftesbury's pretty sister, Lady Maud Warrender, who in "The Masque of War and Peace" had allowed her voice to be heard in a very pretty song, represented "Newfoundland."

"Advance, Australia!"

"Australia," perhaps the most gorgeous figure on the stage, was admirably represented by Lady Huntingdon, who was herself born in that great Colony. The cloth-of-gold robe was literally covered with gems, as was the splendid train suspended from the shoulders. Another brilliant figure was Mrs. Hwfa Williams, who, as "The West Indies," was a veritable red-rose symphony. India was fortunate in her representative, Lady Feo Sturt rendering as, perhaps, no other woman present could have done the mingled charm, mystery, and barbaric grandeur of Her Majesty's Eastern Empire. From an artistic point of view, pretty Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby deserved special notice, for her costume, a bewildering study of mauves, cobalts, sapphires, and purples, suggested quite exquisitely "The Pacific Islands," that happy land where it is always afternoon.

South Africa.

The dressing, the posing, and the grouping of the South African group were equally successful, no easy matter at the present moment. Miss Muriel Wilson made a superb "Cape Colony," even the costume being warlike and yet subdued, the gleaming colours of gold and silver being cleverly carried out in various portions of her costume, while a diamond crown recalled to many present the heroic little group still shut off from the outer world in Kimberley; De Beers again being evoked, but in a very different fashion, by Miss Gladys Crozier, who, as "Rhodesia," wore a quaint khaki frock and a business-like ammunition-belt fastened round the shoulder. Lady Blois made a beautiful and typical "Natal," her sombre black-and-silver robe forming an effective contrast with the brilliant figures grouped about her.

John Davidson's Verse.

By a happy inspiration, it was in connection with this concluding tableau that Mrs. Arthur Paget and her co-workers arranged to introduce a note of high excellence, and worthy of the occasion were Mr. John Davidson's fine verses, admirably recited by Miss Muriel Wilson, and of which one verse especially seems to be peculiarly appropriate at the present moment—

The jealous old-world peoples watch and wait;
Alone in Europe, England stands—
Alone, unloved; but mistress of her fate,
Because of loyal folk in blood-bought lands—
Her isles and continents, her Ocean-State—
That in her day of need uphold her hands.

The Brilliant House.

One of the most distinctive features of Mrs. Paget's entertainment was the number of political people who made a point of being present at Her Majesty's. Mrs. Asquith, gowned, as she so often prefers to be, in brilliant red, was, in one of the side-boxes, a centre of attraction. M. de Soveral had a long chat with the Prince of Wales, with whom, as all the world knows, the representative of Portugal is a great favourite. Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt and Lord and Lady Tweedmouth were only a few of the many Liberal notabilities present, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain represented the Unionist cause. The military element was naturally somewhat conspicuous by its absence, though the stronger sex was very adequately represented by Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir Edgar Vincent, Lord Herbert Tempest, Mr. William Coventry, Colonel Smith-Cunninghame, Sir Douglas Straight, and Mr. Cornwallis-West, who received many inquiries as to the progress made by Princess Henry of Pless and her infant son and heir.

South African Brilliants.

As in duty bound, the South African contingent, which has lately been so very prominent in the London world, mustered in great force, and it was whispered that the wonderful costumes in which Mrs. Julius Wernher had made her appearance in one of the earlier tableaux represented quite a fabulous sum, owing to the marvellous gems which had been incrustated into the lovely gown. But the Colonial element was more strongly represented in the house itself, and included Mrs. Neumann, Mrs. Lionel Phillips (with the honours of authorship still fresh upon her), Mr. Beit, and many others whose connection with the Rand is, if more indirect, no less real; while yet another contingent there enjoyed their last glimpse of Society for some time to come—I refer to the many smart folk who are on the eve of starting for South Africa, both as combatants and as non-combatants.

The Princess and Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Of course, the heroine of the evening, and one to whom, by the way, was accorded the signal honour of sitting next Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, was Mrs. Arthur Paget, the charming American lady to whose indefatigable efforts the whole success of the Masque was due. I reproduce Mrs. Paget's portrait with great pleasure, and give at the same time several other photographs of those who aided her. Many people were disappointed that Mrs. Paget did not herself take part in any of the tableaux, but, as she laughingly assured her friends, she found she had plenty to do on both sides of the footlights without complicating matters by herself becoming a performer.

Miss Viola Tree.

The débutante of the evening was Miss Viola Tree, a pretty young maiden who is the darling of her gifted parents, and who has for godmother a future Duchess, Lady Granby. It is said that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has no intention of allowing



MISS BLANCHE FORBES,

ANOTHER OF THE SOCIETY DAMES AT THE GREAT WAR-FÊTE.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

his elder daughter to enter his own and her mother's profession; if so, a very graceful and talented actress will be lost to the twentieth-century stage, for Miss Tree's little dance was a really charming performance.

New Army Scheme. Invitation, not compulsion, is the characteristic of the new scheme for the strengthening of the Army. Better terms and greater attractions are to be offered, and conscription is treated as a naughty word, not fit for polite Parliamentary circles. The scheme is intended mainly to enable the country to resist the

*Lord Chesterfield's
Wedding Gifts.*

Few bridegrooms receive so many gifts as did Lord Chesterfield, and there is none that he will value more than that of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness is one of those who fully realise the delight of "giving," and his presents are always chosen by himself and with a special view to the tastes and hobbies of the recipients. Even when abroad, the Prince is always on the look-out for pretty and suitable curios and jewels; but, of course, he makes the bulk of such purchases at home. Of the many splendid wedding-presents bestowed on last Thursday's bride, perhaps the most beautiful, from an artistic point of view, was the diamond crown of so fine and exquisite a design that the fashioning of it recalled the most delicate lace. It will be remembered that portraits of Lord and Lady Chesterfield were given in last week's Issue.

*Miss Florence
Wood's Wedding.*

My cordial felicitations to Mr. J. S. Wood, the courteous Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, on the auspicious event which took place last Thursday afternoon at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens. A marriage was solemnised there between Miss Florence Wood, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wood, and Mr. Charles R. Mayo, only son of the late Rev. C. T. Mayo, M.A. There were five bridesmaids—Miss Ethel Wood and Miss Mabel Wood (sisters of the bride), and Miss Millicent Major, Miss Gertrude Harding, and Miss May Jarvis, whose dresses were of white cloth bordered with fur and trimmed with écreu lace. The bride's gown was of ivory Duchesse satin embroidered in white and silver, opening over a petticoat of accordion chiffon, bodice swathed with chiffon, with transparent yoke and sleeves of point d'Alençon. No less than two hundred and sixty friends sent gifts to the bride and bridegroom. The reception was held at the house of the bride's father, 29, Kensington Court.

For the Wounded. The Duke of Richmond and Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox have shown their practical patriotism in fitting up one of the many pretty places which embellish Goodwood Park as a convalescent home for soldiers sent home from South Africa.



Photo by Johnson and Glover.

MR. ROBERT BROMLEY,
ELDEST SON OF SIR HENRY BROMLEY, BART.



Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

THE HON. LILIAN PAUNCEFOTE,
DAUGHTER OF BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

To be Married on Feb. 24 at Washington.

invader, who, if he is not already at Boulogne, lurks in the imagination of military men. Our War Office hopes to attract 50,000 more young men to the auxiliary forces, and, encouraged by recent recruiting, expects to increase the Regular Army permanently by 30,000 Tommies, while it will try to lure back 20,000 ex-soldiers for home service for one year. Everybody has been pleased to hear that the Government have ordered forty-three new batteries of guns which will fire eight rounds per minute, and that at last they are to re-arm the Volunteer Artillery. An effort is to be made to increase the efficiency of the citizen defenders of our hearths and homes, but employers have damned the proposal to call out the Volunteers for a month's training.

*Experts on the
Scheme.*

Was it because he liked the scheme better, or was it because he was more familiar with it, that Lord Lansdowne gave a clearer account of it to the Peers than was presented by his spokesman in the House of Commons? Mr. George Wyndham did not repeat the success which he achieved on the Address. Perhaps the Under-Secretary suspected the disappointment of the "Service Members"—the Colonels and the Captains and the civilian experts. While the average Legislator was content to say ditto with patriotic fervour to the "man at the helm," the retired officers ridiculed the scheme as an inadequate makeshift, and made very rude remarks about the War Office. The Colonels, as a rule, lack the gift of Parliamentary speech, but in the debate last week they were thoroughly articulate. "If you will not compel every able-bodied young man to be trained, why don't you take advantage of the patriotism of the people?" they cried to the Government. "You are relying on a mob of raw recruits," they said, "whereas the country is full of likely fellows who can ride and shoot." Parliament does not place implicit confidence in the Colonels who sit on green benches, but Mr. Balfour was obviously impressed by their criticisms.

A Popular M.P.

The very serious illness of Mr. Gerald Balfour has aroused a good deal of sympathy in all political and social circles. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, though possessing a personality less well-known to the man in the street than that of his distinguished brother, is both beloved and respected by his large circle of friends and acquaintances, for he has a winning and kindly nature, and is said by those who have the privilege of knowing him to strongly resemble his mother, the late Lady Blanche Balfour. It comparatively rarely happens that a man has begun his Parliamentary career by being secretary to his own brother; that, however, was the pleasant fate which befell Mr. Balfour. At the time he had already been two years married to Lady Betty Lytton, than whom there is no more delightful and accomplished hostess in the Conservative ranks. Since Mr. Balfour became Chief Secretary for Ireland—that is, during the last five years—he and Lady Betty have spent a considerable portion of each year in Dublin, although they have a pretty town-house within a walk of Kensington Gardens. It is there that Mr. Balfour is lying seriously ill. Mr. Arthur Balfour is very devoted to his younger brother, and also to the latter's four little daughters, in whose interest a very pretty suite of nurseries is always reserved at Whittinghame, Mr. A. J. Balfour's charming residence in Haddingtonshire.



LADY CLAUD HAMILTON AS "BRITISH COLUMBIA," AT THE GREAT WAR-FÊTE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Cruft's Dog Show. "Great things from small beginnings come." When, sixteen years ago, Mr. Charles Cruft started his Dog Shows, he could never have dreamt that they would have risen to their present proportions. The sixteenth annual, which was held at the Agricultural Hall last week, was one of the best of the series from a



MRS. LITKIE'S IRISH TERRIER, BLACKBROOK BLANCHE.

These Dog Photographs are by E. Landor, Ealing.

doggy man's point of view, although the wretched weather and the war played sad havoc with the gate. There were nearly three thousand entries, divided into fifty-six classes. The blood-hounds, St. Bernards, and terriers of all breeds attracted the most attention. The basset-hound Wantage, owned by Mr. Cursitor Smith, of Wandsworth, and which took the Dog Championship, was afterwards sold for £150. Mr. Hardinge Cox, one of the best-known men in the canine world, and who was a Vice-President of the Show, was very apparent. Mr. Hardinge Cox has, perhaps, done more than any man breathing to improve the breed of dogs.

His retriever bitch, Black Cherry, by Black Drake—Black Plum, was much admired. Mr. Cox, by-the-by, names all his retrievers Black something or other. In the Irish terrier class, Mrs. M. M. Litkie's Blackbrook Blanche was on show. This bitch had taken firsts at Manchester, Crystal Palace, St. Helens, and Brentwood, but failed to catch the judge's eye here. The greyhounds, by-the-by, were not a very taking lot, as only ten in all were on show. Mr. J. J. Holgate captured the prize for bitches with Champion Fairy, by Bangs—Nellie. The Clumber Spaniels were an even lot, and pointers and setters were much admired. Taken all round, the show was a big success, as it well deserved to be.

As so many ladies take an interest in Dog Shows, it may be interesting to note that the following are included in the list of patrons of Cruft's Show: Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, the Duchess of Newcastle,



MR. HARDINGE COX AND HIS BLACK CHERRY.

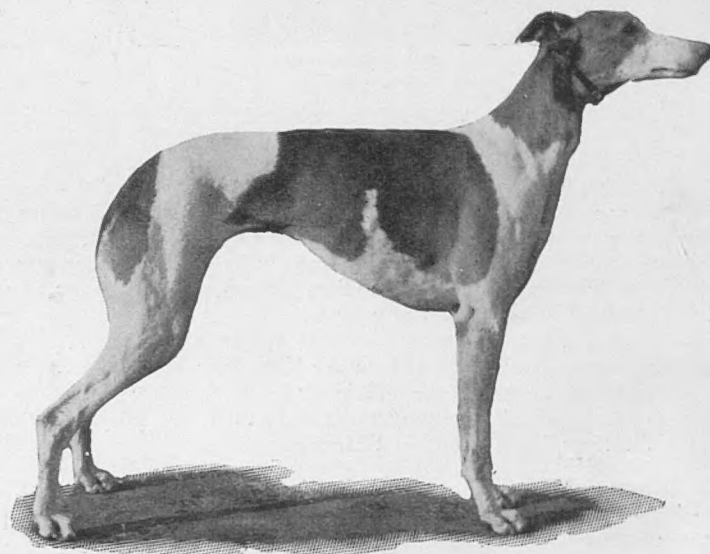
the Countess of Warwick, the Countess Aylesford, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, Lady Auckland, Lady Cathcart, Lady Lewis, Princess Sophia Duleep Singh, Lady Rose, Lady K. Pilkington, Lady Spencer Chichester, and the Hon. Mrs. Harbord.

Sir Robert Warburton.

It is but two years and a-half since the Khyber Pass furnished a topic of war-news for that season. The Afridi Campaign was accompanied, or soon followed, by one directed against the equally hostile Mohmands, to the north of the Punjaub, and there is reason to believe that a widespread conspiracy of Mussulman fanatics was the origin of both those mischievous outbreaks. Among the officers employed in that campaign was the late Colonel Sir Robert Warburton, whose career, exemplary and admirable in its way as an Indian public servant, had very little to do with big military operations. He was, by his parentage, half-Asiatic, his father, being at Cabul in charge of Shah Sujah's artillery in 1840, marrying an Afghan lady of high rank. In 1862, the son, born soon after the massacre and flight of English residents, and brought up in England, arrived in India, and some years later became attached to the Civil Service of the Punjaub Government. The Khyber Pass, with all its restless and often troublesome tribe-folk, was under Colonel Warburton's able management from 1879 to 1898. Unhappily, he has not long survived the retirement so well earned; but he has left us a very interesting and instructive book, "Eighteen Years in the Khyber," now published by Mr. Murray. The reader who goes through this volume will get a rich store of characteristic anecdotes, descriptions of remarkable scenes, and special information, with a map and fine photographic plates.

"Short's your Friend."

A matinée under Royal and other distinguished patronage is being organised by Mr. Hubert Hussard Short, and will take place in the Large Queen's Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 27, at three o'clock, in aid of the sick and wounded of the 5th Fusiliers (the "Fighting Fifth"). Among



MR. HOLGATE'S CHAMPION FAIRY.

others, the following distinguished artists have kindly volunteered their services: Miss Fortescue, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Louie Freear, Miss Evie Greene, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Gracie Leigh, Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Edmund Payne, Miss Katie Seymour, Herr Georg Liebling, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Miss Topsy Sinden will dance, Miss Ethel Sydney will give imitations, and Mr. Frank Lawton will whistle.

New Lord Queensberry.

The new Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers, though only thirty-two years old, has seen as much of life in different parts of both hemispheres as the majority of men twice his age. He joined the Navy when young, and to his seafaring experiences he adds a knowledge of military matters acquired by service in the Militia. For a considerable time, the new Marquis, like his father, made his home in Australia, and gained there a full knowledge of gold-mining. He did some exploring on his own account, and was recognised among his Colonial friends—who always addressed him as Lord Percy Douglas—as a mining expert. He is the possessor of a considerable fortune, which he has amassed by his own endeavours, and it is not at all improbable that, as one of the small body of Scottish Representative Peers, to which he may be elected, he will, at no distant date, enter the House of Lords.

The Poulett Peerage.

I understand that the case of the Earldom of Poulett will certainly come before the Law Courts during the present year—not that the "Organist" and his rival brother have much anxiety for the fray, but the tenants have in many instances declined to pay their rents, and the trustees have therefore to force the hands of both the ambulant musician and his relative. There have been rumours of a compromise, but how can any such treaty be arranged when children are in question? It is only by the decision of the highest legal authority that such a matter can be definitely settled, and I know that there is plenty of money on hand for fighting. Therefore there will be a fight, and some remarkable statements about the late Earl will be forthcoming.

Langflier.

True merit, exploited by judicious enterprise, soon tells in London. At the opening of Mr. Langflier's admirably appointed studio at 23A, Old Bond Street, I was struck by the exceptional artistic effectiveness of his triumphs in portraiture.



A STUDY BY LANGFIER.

It seems quite recently that Langflier, Limited—a well-known name among Glasgow photographers of mark—started in town. Yet the really remarkable good taste of Mr. Louis Langflier, combined with business-like vim and tact, has already won for him an enviable circle of patrons. The Duke of Manchester was there when I looked in the other morning. Mr. Langflier has excelled himself in his large photographs of Mr. Tree and Mr. Charles Wyndham (which have adorned the pages of *The Sketch*). Some of the fine flower of the aristocracy embellish his walls. Miniature-painting is another art practised to admiration at Langflier's. Finally, it should be placed to the credit of Mr. Langflier that he laboured so successfully to increase the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital that he has been made a Life-Governor of the institution to which the theatrical profession has so much reason to be grateful.

The salubrious suburb of Brixton is held in high favour by London Pressmen, who have done not a little to increase the gaiety of the district. It is in remembrance of the Press Children's Party at the Brixton Hall that I give, with much pleasure, the accompanying little photographs of those bewitchingly graceful young skirt-dancers, Miss Lilian Duckworth and Miss Jessie Springfield, the daughters of accomplished and highly esteemed journalists of distinction. Mr. John C. Duckworth and Mr. Alfred H. Watson were the zealous organisers of this successful fête, to which some of the little ones looked after by the Orphans' Fund Committee of the Institute of Journalists were thoughtfully invited. I am glad to hear that the autumn Congress of the Institute in London is likely to be exceptionally enjoyable.

An Early War Book.

One of the most experienced and most able of Central News Special Correspondents, at home alike in the Lobby and on the battlefield, Mr. Alfred Kinnear, is to the front indeed with a South African War book. I congratulate Mr. Kinnear and Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith both on their promptitude in issuing the former's lively campaigning record, entitled "To Modder River with Methuen," which will probably be on the railway-bookstalls by the time these lines are in print.

Dutch Fiddlers.

British musicians have good grounds for complaining of the number of foreign, and especially of the numerous Dutch, fiddlers engaged in London orchestras. Managers of places of entertainment should reform all this. It was nothing less than a grave scandal that, at a recent Grand Patriotic Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, as I am informed, a host of Dutch instrumentalists figured, when their places ought obviously to have been taken by English musicians. I am told that at a popular Theatre of Varieties this evil has reached such a head that the Dutchmen of the band actually had the audacity to celebrate festively at a supper some Boer successes in South Africa. "England for the English" should be our motto at this juncture of our times.

The Up-to-date Shakspeare.

What think you of a new edition de luxe of Shakspeare in one handsome volume, illustrated with photographs of the chief Shaksperian actors and actresses of the present time? Well done, Austin Brereton! An exceedingly good notion! Thus, in turning over the pages of the new Shakspeare, published by Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co., Limited, of London and Glasgow, you not only find yourself interested in Mr. Henry Glassford Bell's capital Life of our great dramatic poet, but



MISS LILIAN DUCKWORTH,
DAUGHTER OF MR. J. S. DUCKWORTH.
Photo by Hand, Bedford Street, Strand.

you find yourself gazing with sparkling eyes at the counterfeit presentments of Ellen Terry as Ophelia, Juliet, and other of Shakspeare's delightful heroines; and you are charmed by the familiar faces of many other popular actors and actresses, including Mr. Tree, Mr. Benson, and Sir Henry Irving, to whom the book is right justly dedicated, seeing that the acknowledged chief of the dramatic art in England has done so much to popularise Shakspeare at the Lyceum.

"In His Steps" Dramas.

Although the first-produced "In His Steps" play, "The Better Life," had such a short life—having made its exit from the Adelphi last Saturday, after a twelve-nights' run—yet, lo! another "In His Steps" play is to be submitted to London, suburban, and provincial playgoers ere long. This is the drama which Mr. Francis Neilson (of the Duke of York's Theatre) has made out of four of the Rev. Charles Sheldon's American-made religious stories. This new pious play is at present entitled "Philip Strong; or, In His Steps," thus taking into its title two of the hereinbeforementioned four stories. It was originally intended to have the first regular production of this piece (which has already been performed for "copyright" purposes) in about three weeks' time—on March 12, to be exact. Owing, however, to the unpromising outlook of theatrical matters in the suburbs and provinces, the Nonconformist Syndicate running this latest "In His Steps" play have just arranged not to send it on tour until a little later. It should, in justice, be added that, whenever this play is run by the said Syndicate, all profits accruing therefrom are to be handed over to charities.

Another drama, evidently built on some such lines as the aforesaid "religious" plays, is one entitled "The Law and the Man; or, On the Brink of Eternity." Also tidings are to hand regarding another "searching" play, to be entitled "A Penitent Woman." This last is to be produced at that strange but deeply interesting playhouse—the Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, which is run on strictly military lines, with sentinels and so forth to take your tickets and show you into your seats.

A play of quite another kind—one, indeed, of a rather marrow-freezing kind—which is promised in this Metropolis forthwith, is one called by the cheering title of "The Black Vampire." Another to follow that is encouragingly entitled "London's Curse."

London Hotel-Keepers, rejoice!

Good news for London hotel-proprietors! Mr. Frederick Gordon, Sir J. Blundell Maple, and the rest, will be cheered by a bit of intelligence just communicated to me by Mr. Howard Paul. Recently back from a tour in the United States, this experienced traveller tells me the American Line has thus early booked 3000 passengers for England during the months of May, June, and July, and the Cunard Line about 4000! Indeed, applications for berths and state-rooms are pouring into the steamship offices, and the booking is the heaviest ever known. The majority of the applications come from the Western States, where parties numbering ten, twenty, fifty, and a hundred persons have been formed to visit England, and to proceed afterwards to the Paris Exhibition.

Réjane's New Play. Those who liked Réjane in "Zaza" will admire her in "Le Béguin," by Pierre Wolff. It is a play of incident, and not of action. She portrays the character of a woman with errant amorous tastes. Her husband has dissipated her fortune, and there is nothing to suggest that she either regrets his disappearance from the scene or even the disappearance of the money. She secures a protector, and, not content with this, adds on, in addition, *un amant de cœur* and a man for whom she has a desultory sort of affection. The audience is asked to study and appreciate, from a psychological point of view, the various frames of mind of a promiscuously affectionate woman of this kind in regard to the four types. The dresses were magnificent, as usual, and Réjane was received with enthusiasm.

A Weird Drink. I would advise nobody who may be thinking of stopping in peace at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, to ask the *maitre d'hôtel* there about the English lady who spoke French with the aid of a dictionary. Although there was no need for it, as they all spoke English, she persisted in firing off Ollendorffian French at the waiters every moment. One sad-eyed knight-of-the-apron came down one morning and asked for leave of absence, and the *maitre d'hôtel* himself went up to solve the mystery. After a violent tirade against the incivility of the *garçon*, she declared that his French was so frayed out at the edges that he did not understand what "a bottle of embonpoint" was. And it took the manager twenty minutes to discover that she had intended to ask for stout.



MISS JESSIE SPRINGFIELD,
DAUGHTER OF MR. LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

The City Music School.

The City of London has reason to be proud of its public-spirited men who voluntarily occupy positions of trust and undergo no little self-denial in discharging the duties of their responsible offices. One of the most active of the younger members of the Court of Common Council is the gentleman whose portrait I have much pleasure in giving—Mr. Albert E. Pridmore. He has for the past twelve months been the indefatigable



MR. A. E. PRIDMORE, J.P., C.C.,
EX-CHAIRMAN OF GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Photo by Coles, Watford.

Chairman of the Guildhall School of Music Committee (in which position he has been succeeded by Mr. A. L. Bower). Endowed with exceptional energy, an enthusiast as far as music is concerned, Mr. Pridmore is to be congratulated on the marked success of his year of office. He has initiated performances of opera, the students having rendered in an admirable fashion Gounod's "Mock Doctor" and "Mirella" at the Guildhall School of Music, on the Victoria Embankment. The comfort of the pupils has also been studied in many ways. It was a notable convenience, for example, to provide storage for bicycles, and likewise refreshment-rooms on the premises.

Mr. Pridmore (a shining—indeed, an electric—light at Watford) has not only zeal himself, but has the faculty of imparting zeal to others. Thus, he inspired the City Livery Companies (among the most liberal of London's chartered associations) to award additional scholarships to the Guildhall School of Music, which since the year 1880 has been such a boon to the Metropolis, offering, as it does, a good musical instruction for nominal fees. It is manifestly fair, while duly praising the ex-Chairman, to pay homage to the accomplished, skilful, and devoted Principal, Mr. W. H. Cummings, whose many improvements have enhanced the popularity of this institution. Not only has Mr. Cummings formed three distinct orchestras, choral classes, and sight-singing classes, but he is to be lauded also for the excellent methods now adopted in the examinations. Mr. Pridmore, by the way, succeeds W. Bro. T. H. Bullock, Past Grand Sword-Bearer, as W.M. of the Guardians' Lodge.

"Hi-tiddly-hi-ti-hi!"

The new Worshipful Master of the Savage Club Lodge is a Mason of many parts. Pantomime-author, writer of such once-popular comic songs as "Cock-Warren" and "She Wanted to be a Fairy," Brother Charles Townley is also an expert dramatic critic, and an entertainer whose merry quips have often set the table in a roar. Genial Sir J. R. Somers Vine paid Mr. Townley a crowning compliment at his recent Installation dinner. The worthy Knight related how he and a number of other Englishmen once sought to amuse a party of natives in Australasia with recitations and singing of sentimental songs. No good! The stolid natives never moved a muscle. It was then that one of the Englishmen tried another tack. He sang with vigour "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti-hi!" dancing the while in suitably rollicking style. And the natives, stirred at last to enthusiasm, joined in with frenzied energy, evidently under the impression that "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti-hi!" was the War Song and Dance of the British. The Savage Masons keenly relished the point of this story, for Mr. Townley happens to be the author of "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti-hi!"

"Southern Arabia."

The death of Mr. Theodore Bent, whose archaeological explorations and researches in different quarters of the globe have considerably opened and widened some views of the remote past, occurred immediately after coming home from his last journey along the shores of the Red Sea. His widow, the brave and highly accomplished lady who was constantly his travelling companion—sharing every hardship, fatigue, and occasionally perilous adventure—has prepared a worthy final memorial, a book which presents much rare and curious knowledge, with plenty of entertaining personal narrative, under the title of "Southern Arabia" (published by Smith and Elder). The region described is comparatively little known, though it lies mostly along the coast from Aden. Its nearly central district, Hadramut, rugged and mountainous, is the abode of a secluded Mohammedan nation, whose manners and customs are not less peculiar than the social and domestic habits of their co-religionists in Morocco. The island of Sokotra and parts of the African coast of the Red Sea are likewise visited and described.

The Irony of it.

As I write, the Empress Eugénie is lying ill, very ill, at the Continental Hotel in Paris. She takes a sad pleasure in selecting this hotel, which looks directly off the peaceful gardens thronged with happy children on which once stood the Palace of the Tuileries. And at the same time, glowing descriptions appear in the papers of what manner of Palace for the Kings of the Earth the residence of the late Dr. Thomas Evans in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne is being converted into. It was the doctor who saved her, and

placed his own carriage at her disposal, when Paris was crying curses on everything appertaining to Royalty. "I placed my fortune, my reputation, my life at her disposition," said the doctor to me one evening, as he paced nervously up and down in his old velvet jacket; "and, old as I am now, I would do it again." The Doctor never got over the fact that he remained simple Dr. Thomas Evans, while his nephew, Dr. John Evans, who assisted in the escape, became the Marquis D'Oyly. The truth was that, while his nephew and also his wife were Catholics and could show direct claims to aristocratic descent, the uncle was a Protestant, and the Pope Pius IX., in conferring the title on the nephew—at the instance of the Empress—is said to have smilingly remarked, "Dr. Tom will be flattered to have a Marquis in his family." It is grimly ironical that France, once more turned Sovereign-worshipper, should have selected the Doctor's old home as a Palace, while the woman he saved from the mob lies sick in a hotel.

Was Bunyan Stevenson's Master in Style?

In the "Literary Year-Book, 1900," which Mr. George Allen is publishing, Mr. W. E. Henley gives it as his opinion that the most noteworthy volume in the domain of fiction issued last year was the "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," the least-known of the works of John Bunyan. In his "appreciation" of this well-nigh forgotten book, Mr. Henley finds "Bunyan expressing himself in an English as fresh, as clean, and wholesome as a morning meadow, as redolent of England as a new-turned clod." Thomas Boston, an old Scottish divine, has lately been mentioned in an authoritative quarter as R. L. Stevenson's master in style. Mr. Henley—and his judgment in this respect, as one who knew the "Northern dreamer" as intimately as anyone, is invaluable—averts that Stevenson owed much to the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." "Reading this book," he writes, "is like going to the beginnings of Stevenson. . . . Bunyan was born a master. Stevenson was born a student of Bunyan."

"Black Jamaica." Persons old enough to remember the emancipation of all slaves in the West Indies and other British Colonies have lived to regret what was left undone—not what was done—at that period and in later times. Mr. W. P. Livingstone, in "Black Jamaica," a small volume issued by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., from his ten years' experience and thoughtful study of the habits of the negro population, gives us an account not altogether discouraging. The work of training such a mass of adult childishness—barbarism is a harsh word no longer applicable—as the labouring-class peasantry of our tropical colonies, to self-controlled, manful, thrifty industry, has been commenced, but is yet far from being completed.

Mr. Lambart's Venture.

Although Mr. Richard Lambart, who will open the Globe Theatre early in March with a new and original farcical comedy by Clo Graves, preceded by a first-piece of more than ordinary importance by Charles Thursby, may be, at the moment, the youngest actor-manager presiding over the fortunes of a London theatre, yet he seems eminently fitted to enter the lists of management. He brings to the task he has set himself, in the first place, the indomitable pluck which has distinguished so many of his family in both Services, as well as that knowledge of things theatrical which is never better learned than "behind the curtain," as, for instance, at the Criterion Theatre, under Mr. Wyndham; while his artistic temperament and his attachment to the dramatic profession and the stage, shared by his accomplished and beautiful young wife, Miss Enid Spenser-Bruton, may be reckoned by no means unimportant factors in furthering the success of his new undertaking. Light comedies by the best writers of the day will be produced. Already Miss Lottie Venn, Mr. Laurence D'Orsay, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and many other popular favourites have



MR. RICHARD F. L. LAMBERT,
THE NEW ACTOR-MANAGER OF THE GLOBE THEATRE
Photo by Gum and Stewart, Sloane Street, S.W.

enlisted under his standard, a military expression which reminds one that Mr. Lambart's father, Major Frederick Lambart, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, fought against the Boers in the campaign of 1881, and was taken prisoner. When liberated and sent with a safe-conduct pass to the frontier, he nearly shared the fate of his companion, who was treacherously murdered.

"Drummer," of the "Fighting Fifth," is safe to say, no representative of the canine race so interesting as "Drummer," of the "Fighting Fifth," whose portrait, with that of gallant Private Bourne, of the 5th Fusiliers, has been courteously sent to *The Sketch* by an officer from



PRIVATE BOURNE, 5TH FUSILIERS, AND THE WARLIKE "DRUMMER," THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE MAJOR G. L. S. RAY.

the Modder River. "Drummer," a sharp and faithful Irish terrier, has a grand record. He was the property of Major G. L. S. Ray, who was among the killed at Magersfontein. This militant dog accompanied the "Fighting Fifth" to Egypt, and was present at the decisive Battle of Omdurman. Proceeding to South Africa, "Drummer" was allowed to follow the 5th Fusiliers by special permission of Lord Methuen, and was thus enabled to witness the Battles of Belmont, Gras Pan, and Modder River. Let us hope "Drummer" may live to be decorated by the Queen!

The "Faithful Durhams." The 1st Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry, which supplied the storming party in the assault of Vaal Krantz, though brigaded with the King's Royal Rifles, the Rifle Brigade, and the Scottish Rifles, is not a Rifle regiment, but in ordinary times a scarlet-coated regiment of "Light Bobs." The regiment is made up of the old 68th (Durham Light Infantry) and the onetime 106th (Bombay Light Infantry)—one of the batallions taken over from "John Company" in 1861. It was the 1st Battalion which so bravely upheld the honour of its regiment and

county in General Buller's latest attack on the Boer position, for the 106th—one of the most sporting regiments in the British Army—is quartered in far-off Mandalay, where Kipling's "tinkly bells" take the place of the roar of the Boer "Long Toms."

The 68th was the child of a famous regiment from quite another part of the country than Durham, for it was raised from the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1788, and saw its first war-service at St. Lucia, Walcheren, and Flushing. Later it went to Spain, and did splendid work under Wellington, especially at the Battle of Nivelle. It helped to carry the war from Spain into France, and then saw no more fighting till the Crimea, when it added "Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sevastopol" to the colours. It took part in the Maori War of 1864, and distinguished itself greatly at Gate Pah; and it is recorded that Sergeant Murray of the regiment, at Tauranga, stormed a rifle-pit "on his own," killing or wounding the whole of the half-score Maoris who held it, and so earned his "V.C." The Durhams are represented in South Africa by the 3rd (Militia) Battalion also—a fine body of men, mostly sturdy miners—and the remaining Militia Battalion has also been embodied. Colonel Arthur Law Woodland, who commanded the "Faithful Durhams" at Vaal Krantz, joined the regiment thirty-three years ago.

The Seaforths' Colonel.

The report that the gallant Seaforths—the old Ross-shire Buffs—were not led by their Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Hughes-Hallett, at Magersfontein, turns out to be incorrect. By some means or other, the tale got about that Colonel Hughes-Hallett was sick in hospital at the time, and this must naturally have caused that distinguished officer some annoyance. This is not by any means his first campaign, for with the 1st Battalion (the old 72nd Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders), which he joined nearly twenty-seven years ago, he was with "Bobs" in Afghanistan in 1878-9, being mentioned in despatches and getting the medal and clasp; and in the Egyptian War of three years later he gained the medal and Khedive's star, and another "mention." For his services during the Chitral campaign, besides the medal and another mention in despatches, he got the "D.S.O." By the way, speaking of Magersfontein, a curious tale is told by a Modder River correspondent as to the disaster to the Highland Brigade. He says that the advance was detected by the Boers owing to the Kimberley search-light being unwittingly turned on to the Highlanders, and that, but for this, General Wauchope would have deployed his men and, "without a doubt," taken the position.

The Commander in India.

If the war in South Africa did not occupy so large a space in our newspapers, we should likely have heard more about the illness of Sir William S. A. Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief in India. Happily, Sir William is now regaining his wonted health, and expects at an early date to resume his official duties. The Commander of our Empress-Queen's forces in the most important of her dependencies was born in 1841, and entered the Bengal Army when he was seventeen; he was on the Staff in the Black Mountain Expedition, 1864; and was Road Commandant in the Khyber Pass, Afghan War, 1879-80; he commanded the Punjab Frontier Force, 1890-5, and had command of the Tirah Campaign in 1897. The history of the origin of the name "Lockhart" is suggestive and interesting. Sir Simon Lochard, of Lee, was a member of the expedition that set out from Scotland with the heart of Robert the Bruce, with the purpose of burying it, according to the patriot's wish, in the Holy Land. When Lord James Douglas was killed in Spain, Sir Simon brought the heart back to Scotland, and, for this service, was granted liberty to change his name to "Lockhart."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPH OF SNOWY TEDDINGTON.



VIEW TAKEN LAST WEEK FROM TEDDINGTON BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS "THE ANGLER."

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MODDER RIVER CAMP SUPPLIED SPECIALLY TO "THE SKETCH."



PARADE IN CAMP: THE STUFF OF WHICH LORD ROBERTS' INFANTRY IS COMPOSED.



WHETTING THE HORSES' APPETITES IN THE MODDER RIVER FOR CROSSING ORANGE FREE STATE DRIFTS.



THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS FORTIFYING THEMSELVES IN MODDER RIVER CAMP FOR LORD ROBERTS' EXPEDITION.

BOER PRISONERS OF WAR IN SIMON'S BAY.

With regard to the jottings which appeared in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago concerning the Boer prisoners of war on the prison-ship *Penelope*, it may be interesting to the readers of *The Sketch* (writes a Simon's Town friend) to hear some further particulars concerning them.

For a couple of weeks after their arrival on board, things went smoothly enough. Friends were allowed in any number to visit the ship, and no restrictions were placed on them other than before-mentioned. This good time, however, did not last long, as in a short while some of the privileges were abused, which resulted in more stringent rules being promulgated. Instead of every day, visitors were restricted to two days a-week, and only a few allowed on board at a time. An interpreter was also present during the interviews with the prisoners.

Then came the escape of one of the Boers, named De Meillon. This is the story: A bluejacket happened to be in the bar of one of the hotels, and, understanding a little German, overheard a man telling another, in that language, that he had just escaped from the *Penelope*, and that he was a Boer prisoner. The bluejacket went out quietly, made

the Boers had escaped from the *Manila*, notwithstanding the fact that the ship had been placed a considerable distance out, to prevent, as it was thought, any of the men attempting to escape by swimming ashore.

Upon investigation, it was found that two of the men had indeed escaped, unless they were shot or drowned; but the third had faked it, or could not swim as well as the others, for he was picked up returning to the ship. He had a life-belt on, and presumably the other two had life-belts also; indeed, one was found at a point where it was thought the men had made for. No trace has been found of the two—at least, as far as the public can learn. The man recaptured is now in the Military Jail at Wynberg. It was rumoured that the authorities had an inkling of the intention of the men to escape, but it was thought that the Boers would not put it in practice, in view of the fact that the ship was so far out. The fact of life-belts being about a transport was, however, apparently overlooked by those responsible for the safety of the prisoners, and, given a calm night—which it was—it was an easy matter to swim to land with a life-belt on, or, in fact, to float ashore with a fair wind. The *Manila* proving unsatisfactory, for reasons known only to the authorities, another transport, the *Catalonia*, recently made her appearance here, and



SIMON'S BAY BY MOONLIGHT, SHOWING THE TRANSPORT "CATALONIA," CONTAINING OVER 400 BOER PRISONERS OF WAR, WITH THE SEARCH-LIGHT OF THE FLAG-SHIP "DORIS" DIRECTED ON HER IN ORDER TO DETECT ANY ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE.

The search-light, since the escape of Boer prisoners, is played on the ship every night without ceasing. The farther ship is the "Catalonia." Photo by W. S. Gillard, Simon's Town.

his way to Admiralty House, and asked to see the Admiral, as he had important news for him. The Admiral was in bed; but, after some delay, the sailor had an audience with the Commander-in-Chief and reported to him what he had heard. A picket was signalled for from the flagship, but no De Meillon could be found. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, with the result that De Meillon was captured in a house near Cape Town a couple of days after, and a Court of Inquiry was held, but no particulars have leaked out as to his escape or whether he had any accomplices. It was suggested that he had donned a bluejacket's suit, and so escaped detection.

The authorities now deemed it advisable to remove the prisoners from the control of the Naval Authorities, and for this purpose the transport *Manila* was ordered round from Table Bay, arriving at Simon's Bay the Saturday before Christmas. The embarkation of the prisoners took place the same afternoon, and, on the tug *Chub* leaving the *Penelope* with the prisoners on board for the *Manila*, the Boers gave hearty cheers for Captain Bruce and his officers. The Boers were under the impression that they were to be conveyed to Delagoa Bay to be exchanged for some of our men. The prisoners have since expressed their regret at having been removed from the control of the sailors and placed under that of the soldiers.

A few days ago, the town was startled by the report that three of

the Boers were again ordered to embark for a new place of confinement. This was done immediately, and, from the rumours circulating about, the prisoners are not by any means pleased with their change of quarters. One of the men-of-war is told off nightly to direct the search-light on the transport throughout the dark hours, to prevent or to detect any of the prisoners escaping.

When the *Manila* came round here, she brought a lot of prisoners from Cape Town, so, with the addition of those from the *Penelope*, there were close on four hundred men. Since then, three batches of prisoners have been brought down from the direction of Colesberg and sent on board with the others. Two of the Boers who were sick were brought on shore the other day and sent on to Wynberg Military Hospital.

The Boers appear to have some accomplices or sympathisers about the town or district, as, a few nights ago, signals were seen from different places about the time the three men made their attempt.

A rumour was current that, the night before the arrival of the *Catalonia*, a Boer prisoner attacked one of the sentries, and struggled to obtain possession of his rifle, but he was promptly shot by another sentry. This rumour has not been confirmed, and the authorities keep everything concerning the ship very quiet; but there was evidently a disturbance of some kind, as several people heard two rifle-shots distinctly. Of course, these shots may have been only signals to the guard-ship. W. S. G.

LANDSDOWNE-CUM-WYNDHAM ARMY REFORM.

DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE!

Just now, when "the plangent tide of war"—as Stevenson would have called it—is so greatly in evidence, the important Army reforms proposed in Parliament must be of interest to everybody.

It was at the sitting on Monday, the 12th inst., that the memorable debate opened. On this date there were unfolded—by the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords, and by Mr. George Wyndham in the Commons—the long-expected details of the Government's scheme for increasing our military efficiency. Without going into them deeply, it may be generally stated that these resolved themselves into the proposal that for home defence we should henceforth permanently maintain a force of three Army Corps, and that in time of war two additional Army Corps should be available for active service. Altogether, it was proposed that the Regular Forces should be increased by 30,000 men, and the Auxiliary Forces by 50,000, the distribution of which totals was to take place among practically all branches of the Service. Thus, with regard to the Regulars, it was explained that the infantry of the Line was to be augmented by fifteen new battalions, the cavalry by four regiments, and the artillery by forty-three batteries.

So much for the Regulars. With reference to the Auxiliaries, equally pronounced changes for the better are also contemplated. Foremost among them is the proposal that the annual period of embodiment for the Militia shall, for the future, be extended from the present one of a single month to a minimum one of three, during which time the men are to be paid as are their Regular comrades-in-arms. Similarly, the Volunteers are, as far as possible, to have the advantage of a whole month's training in camp every year, in place of the present limited period of seven days. Then, for the further improvement of the "citizen-soldiers," arrangements are to be made for providing them with greater facilities for musketry-practice, for increasing their capitulation-grants, and for encouraging the formation of mounted-infantry companies. This will be glad news for our Volunteers.

In the course of the debate in the Upper House that followed Lord Lansdowne's speech, Lord Wemyss, however, boldly proclaimed himself a dissident. With this end in view, he gave notice that he intended to propose that "the ancient constitutional law of compulsory military service" should, in a modified form, be at once put in force. In plainer English, his lordship advocated the introduction into England of conscription, evidently inclining to the belief that it was necessary. This, of course, is a mere matter of opinion. There cannot, however, be much doubt that Lord Lansdowne voiced the opinion of the majority of the nation when he stated that he considered such a proposal would be "perfectly distasteful to the great mass of the people." Then, events have already shown that what Mr. Wyndham so eloquently described as "the

patriotic fervour of our country" will amply suffice to make such a step unnecessary. The fact is, we have no real dearth of men for military purposes, and the Country has responded to the call made upon her to a most gratifying extent. Thus, in January alone, the Militia was augmented by 3000 men, the Yeomanry by 2000, and the Volunteers by 5000—altogether, 10,000 Englishmen voluntarily elected to serve their Sovereign in the short space of three weeks. When the new arrangements for further popularising the Army are in full swing, we shall naturally do even better. Under these circumstances, to talk of conscription certainly seems a little premature.

From his official position, it is, of course, practically impossible for the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff to communicate their private views on this important question. Nevertheless, there are ways and means of learning what the guiding spirits—the men at the helm—at the

War Office think about the proposals made in the House last week. On the very highest authority, *The Sketch* is able to assure its readers, despite all allegations to the contrary, that the Headquarters Staff eagerly welcomes any proposal that, to adopt the expressive phraseology of the Methodist Press, "makes for good." Naturally, however—and the proviso is important—it requires to be first of all convinced that the suggested "reform" shall have this effect.

Sounded as to the prevalent views obtaining in Pall Mall on the question of conscription, a very highly placed official there stated that Lord Wolseley was strongly opposed to it. "A single Volunteer," he remarked pithily, "is worth any three conscription-raised men; and when we can get the former almost for the asking—as I feel confident we shall as soon as the new scheme is in working order—why, in the name of Heaven, talk of the ballot? I shall begin to think directly that we're living in France!"

In very few respects did the critic admit of the existence of any pronounced difference of opinion between his department and Lord Lansdowne's on the subject of the latter's proposed measures. The chief one, however, was with regard to the suggested extension of the annual period during which the Volunteers were in

future to be trained. This, he characterised as impracticable. "The Government want them to go into camp every year for a month at a time," he explained. "So does Lord Wolseley. He would very much like, however, to know how it is going to be done. Lord Lansdowne thinks the scheme quite feasible. The Commander-in-Chief would like to, but can't—if only for the reason that something like ninety per cent. of the Force have only two weeks' holiday in the year." Another point on which the military side of the War Office seems to take exception to the proposals laid before Parliament is in connection with the fact that Mounted Infantry companies have not been sanctioned therein for the Militia. Indeed, with reference to this, the general consensus of opinion among the Staff is, so *The Sketch* understands, that it would be better to provide for the Militia in this respect before the Volunteers.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, K.P., G.C.B., ETC., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

RECRUITS WANTED FOR THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY

WHICH IS SERVING ALL OVER THE WORLD



AGE AND STANDARD.

Gunners	18 to 25 Years	5 feet 6 inches and upwards.
Artificers and Tailors	18 to 25 Years	5 feet 4 inches and upwards.
Drivers	18 to 25 Years	5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 6 inches.






GENERAL ADVANTAGES OF THE ARMY.

A Pamphlet showing the CONDITIONS OF SERVICE in the Army and Militia, and containing full information as regards FOOD CLOTHING, QUARTERS, FUEL AND LIGHT, MEDICAL ATTENDANCE, PRIZES FOR GOOD SHOOTING, LIBRARIES, RECREATION ROOMS, ARMY SCHOOLS, &c., will be supplied free on application at any Post Office in the United Kingdom, from any Sergeant Instructor of Volunteers or any Recruiter.

"THE PRIDE OF THE ARMY": THE LATEST PICTORIAL BAIT FOR THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

The feature of this poster is the life and movement exhibited in the illustrations, whereas in former Government recruiting placards the pictures have been of a somewhat stiff and rigid character. You will note that there are illustrations of a howitzer-gun in action, a mounted battery with mules, an elephant battery, and one or two of the modern quick-firing guns at the foot of the poster. Thirty thousand copies of this poster have been printed. A "Sketch" photograph from the poster prepared for the War Office by Andrew Reid and Co., Limited, of Newcastle-on-Tyne

"THE DEATH OR GLORY BOYS."

As the majority of people are probably aware, the cavalry regiment which has for its badge the grim device of a skull and cross-bones is the famous 17th Lancers—otherwise, "The Death or Glory Boys." This somewhat sepulchral emblem has been worn by all ranks on the front of their "caps"—as a Lancer's head-dress is always technically known—since the formation of the corps, upwards of one hundred and forty years ago. When first adopted, however, the badge displayed the cross-bones as surmounting the death's-head, whereas nowadays their respective positions are reversed. Except for this—and the point is worth noting in these strenuous days of "Army Reform"—the 17th have contrived to maintain their badge, motto, and facings unchanged since the year of grace 1759.

It was at this time that the regiment was raised, under circumstances of a singularly dramatic nature. To properly appreciate them, it is necessary to go back to that glorious day in England's military history when the citadel of Quebec was reduced to submission by the might of British valour.

James Wolfe, the gallant leader of King George's troops—mortally wounded in the very hour of victory—lay in his tent, directing despatches

The persuasive eloquence of the above circular was evidently amply sufficient, for, in the short space of seventeen days from the commencement of his operations, Colonel Hale had completed his regiment. Almost immediately afterwards he led his troopers by march-route to the town of Warwick. From here they went on to Scotland, and in 1761 a detachment of the regiment was sent to Germany to serve under Prince Ferdinand and the Marquis of Granby.

Having thus once broken the ice of foreign service, the 17th speedily found themselves taking their place on the duty-roster for this purpose with other regiments. The unhappy American War of Independence took them from Ireland to the New World, where they remained until hostilities were eventually concluded. The regiment, however, was not permitted to come home on this account, for, affairs in the islands of Jamaica and St. Domingo wearing a threatening aspect at this time, the 17th were transferred to the West Indies.

At length, towards the close of the year 1797, the long-expatriated "Death or Glory Boys"—their ranks, alas! sadly thinned by the ravages among them of Yellow Jack—returned to England again. Since that date in many a British campaign the 17th Lancers have borne an honourable share. Thus they fought in the Pindaree Expedition, the Crimea—where they took part in the famous Charge of the Light



Major E. B. Herbert.

OFFICERS OF THE 17TH LANCERS, WHICH HISTORIC REGIMENT IS EN VOYAGE FOR THE CAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

with his last breath. When he had finished these, he begged, as a dying favour, that the privilege of conveying them to England might be entrusted to his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel John Hale. Although, by the custom of the Service, it was practically the right of the General's senior Aide-de-Camp to perform this office, the claim was immediately waived in favour of the officer referred to. Hence, on his arrival in London, the bearer of the dead hero's despatches was—as has long been a practice in the Army—promoted, in return for such service, to the rank of full Colonel, and empowered to raise a regiment of horse.

Being a Hertfordshire man by descent, John Hale naturally determined to begin by canvassing this county for troopers. Accordingly, going down to the market-town, he caused all the walls of the alehouses, and other places where prospective recruits were most likely to congregate, to be placarded with notices dilating upon the manifold advantages accruing to a career in the new regiment. The following is an extract from the "advertisement" in question; it will be noted that it does not err on the side of excessive self-abasement—

His Majesty having graciously permitted me to raise a Corps of Light Cavalry for his Service, a Son of your County, I humbly entreat your Interest and Assistance in raising such Men, and providing such Horses, as His Majesty's Service, and the Terms I offer, may with Reason expect. I dare to flatter myself that this Regiment, if chiefly composed (as I intend it) of Hertfordshire Men, may one Day reflect Honour on that County, which shall have generously offered them to the Cause of Liberty and the Service of their Country.

Brigade—and Indian Mutiny Campaigns, and the Zulu War of twenty years ago, a record that would be hard to beat.

Nevertheless, the 17th are such gluttons for fighting that they are always "asking for more." Consequently, it was with the utmost satisfaction that all ranks—from senior officer to junior trumpeter—learnt on the 12th inst. that definite orders had been issued for their embarkation for active service. Two days later they left Aldershot in four special trains for Tilbury Docks. Here, under the command of Major Herbert, they went on board the *Victorian*, and left for the Cape on the following day. On their arrival there, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, late of the 15th (King's) Hussars, who is already in South Africa, takes over the command.

In the pages of "The Death or Glory Boys" (Cassell and Co.), Mr. D. H. Parry tells unpretentiously, yet interestingly, the life-story of the 17th. In dealing with a corps possessed of such a splendid fighting record as theirs, the author's chapters are naturally more occupied with accounts of battles than barracks. As a matter of fact, nothing else could well be the case, for the gallant 17th have gained a great name for their brilliant achievements. Hence Mr. Parry's pages make brave reading for all who like to hear of the glorious deeds by which our Empire was won. They will not please the "Peace Society," though. Possibly, however, Mr. Parry is not consumed with interest in the opinions of this body.



PACK-HORSES OF THE 17TH LANCERS EQUIPPED FOR SOUTH AFRICA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGORY, STRAND, AT ALDERSHOT, PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE.



INSPECTION OF THE 17TH LANCERS AND 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS AT ALDERSHOT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

"THE SKETCH" SPECIAL SNAPSHOTS IN RICHMOND PARK.



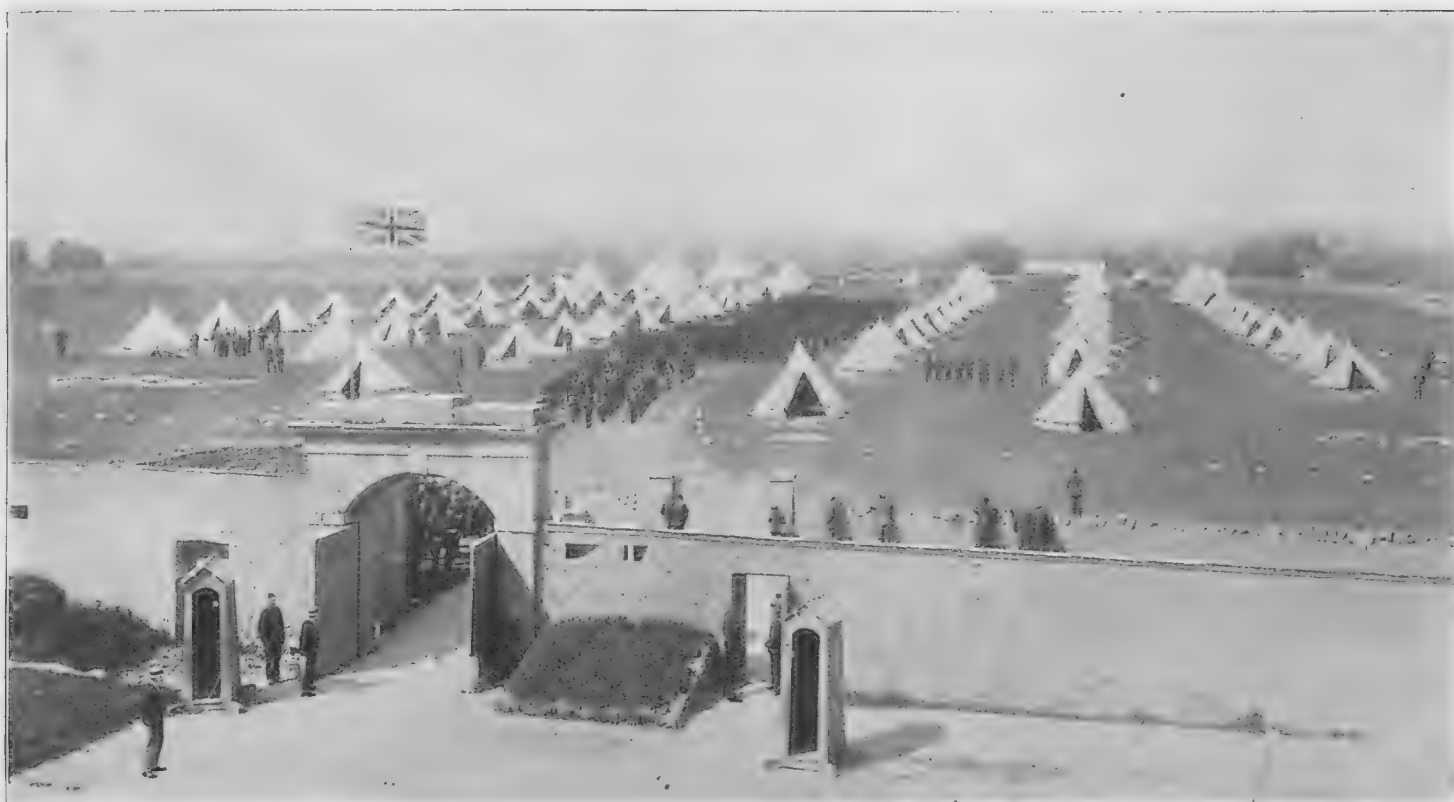
THE CYCLE RENDEZVOUS AT PENN POND.



SKATING AND SLEDGING ON PENN POND.



LASSES OF RICHMOND HILL ON THE WAY TO PENN POND.



CAMP OF THE LEINSTER REGIMENT, 3RD BATTALION (KING'S COUNTY MILITIA), WHICH HAS VOLUNTEERED FOR SOUTH AFRICA
THIS VIEW REPRESENTS THE BATTALION IN CAMP LAST YEAR.



REVOLVER-PRACTICE BY THE DRIVERS OF THE 68TH BATTERY R.F.A. AT SOUTHSEA, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



SECTION OF THE CAPE VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS NOW AT DE AAR, FORMING FOURTH SECTION OF THE FIRST FIELD HOSPITAL, UNDER COMMAND OF MAJOR COX.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. HOSKING, CAPE TOWN.



A WARD IN NETLEY HOSPITAL, SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE THE WOUNDED FROM SOUTH AFRICA WERE VISITED BY THE DAUGHTER OF THE QUEEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



A SNOWY MORNING IN BARRACKS: TOMMY DRAWING RATIONS—AND A VERY GOOD DINNER-DISH, TOO!

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, FERMOY.



"THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE": THE MAXIM OF THE ROYAL MARINES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

THEY REMEMBERED THE GUARDS.

From Photographs by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, ORGANISER OF THE WAR MASQUE AT HER MAJESTY'S.
From a Painting by Mr. Edward Hughes.



LADY GATACRE, DAUGHTER OF LORD DAVEY, AND WIFE OF
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM GATACRE, K.C.B.



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY AND CHILD.



LADY ST. OSWALD AND CHILDREN.

THEY REMEMBERED THE GUARDS.

From Photographs by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



LADY ROMILLY.



LADY RAINCLIFFE.



THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.



LADY CURZON.

THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Princess Christian Hospital-Train having been depicted in *The Sketch*, it is only fit and proper that some idea should be given in these pages of the well-organised and admirably furnished Hospital for the Wounded in War which is also to bear the revered name of Her Royal Highness. The virtues which have made our Queen more universally beloved than any other Sovereign the world has known are inherited in a marked degree by Her Majesty's third daughter, Princess Helena, whose likeness reminds one so much of the late saint-like Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt.

At the London offices of the Red Cross Society, Her Royal Highness has thrown herself with characteristic thoroughness into the good work of increasing the hospital accommodation and the supply of well-trained nurses, so sadly needed by the terribly large number of wounded soldiers in South Africa. Life and soul of this benevolent movement just as the Princess of Wales was of the magnificent Hospital-Ship named after Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian could not but welcome with heartiest cordiality the philanthropic proposal of Mr. Alfred Mosely, a gentleman closely connected with South Africa for the past twenty-five years, to present at his own expense a completely equipped Army Hospital to help to further ameliorate some of the horrors of War in Cape Colony. Her name indissolubly associated with acts of Mercy, it was the happiest of happy thoughts to entitle this munificent gift, so seasonable at the present time, the Princess Christian Hospital.

The *Sketch* pen-and-ink drawing shows the Princess Christian



H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. ALFRED MOSELY, OF WEST LODGE, HADLEY WOOD, DONOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Hospital as it will appear when erected near Cape Town. It is to consist of four main buildings, each some 128 feet in length, and

containing twenty-five beds—one hundred beds in all—together with surgery, operating-room, nurses'-room, fitted bathroom and washing-room for the men, and the other necessary offices. The structures will be of corrugated iron, tastefully decorated inside with green canvas, that colour being so refreshing to the eye. The wards will be comfortably furnished with bedsteads fitted with spring-mattresses of latest design, folding-washstands, invalid-tables, and every little detail likely to make them homelike.

The surgeries and operating-rooms of the Princess Christian Hospital will also be fitted with all the latest improvements that science can suggest, including a complete Röntgen-ray apparatus—an expert in the working of which will be on the staff.

In addition to the main buildings, there will be three stores for the warehousing of the ample supply of provisions, invalid specialities, liquors, &c., that will be taken; also a separate building for the storage of linen, a laundry, and a complete kitchen of considerable size, with professional head-cook. Another large building will contain separate sleeping-rooms for the nurses, doctors, and other members of the staff—in all, nearly fifty persons—and an extensive central dining-hall.

In fine, neither work nor expense has been spared to make the Hospital in every way worthy of Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, who so

graciously consented that it should bear her name. Major H. B. Mathias, D.S.O., R.A.M. Corps, who is a brother of the gallant Colonel H. H. Mathias, C.B., A.D.C., of the Gordon Highlanders, goes out as Government representative with the Hospital. He will have under him six civil surgeons: Dr. J. Paul Bush, of Clifton (chief), and Drs. George V. Worthington, Edward A. Nathan, Arthur L. Flemming (who is a Röntgen-ray expert), Arthur B. Cridland, and E. Mountjoy Pearse. There will be six nursing-sisters, namely, the Sister-in-Charge, Miss Ella C. Laurence, of Guy's Hospital, a daughter of the Rector of Walesby, Lincolnshire, and sister of Chief-Justice Laurence of Griqualand West; and, under her, Misses M. Leng, E. Atkins, E. M. Fisher, D. A. Snell, and F. Baker. Six non-commissioned officers and twenty-six Government male nurses and orderlies will also be attached.

The Hospital is being equipped and supported, as aforesaid, by Mr. Alfred Mosely, of West Lodge, Hadley Wood. This generous gentleman will accompany it to the Cape, where he has long resided, being an intimate friend of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Richly did Mr. Mosely merit the honour conferred upon him by his native

town of Bristol in entertaining him and his Hospital Staff at a special banquet last Saturday. *Bon voyage* to him and the Hospital Staff!

It may be added that the plans and specifications of the Hospital were prepared by Mr. Frederick W. Marks, A.R.I.B.A., of 3, Staple Inn, W.C., and the work has been admirably carried out, under his superintendence, by Messrs. Humphreys, Limited, of Knightsbridge.



MISS ELLA C. LAURENCE, THE SISTER-IN-CHARGE.

Photo by the Artistic Photograph Co., Oxford Street, W.



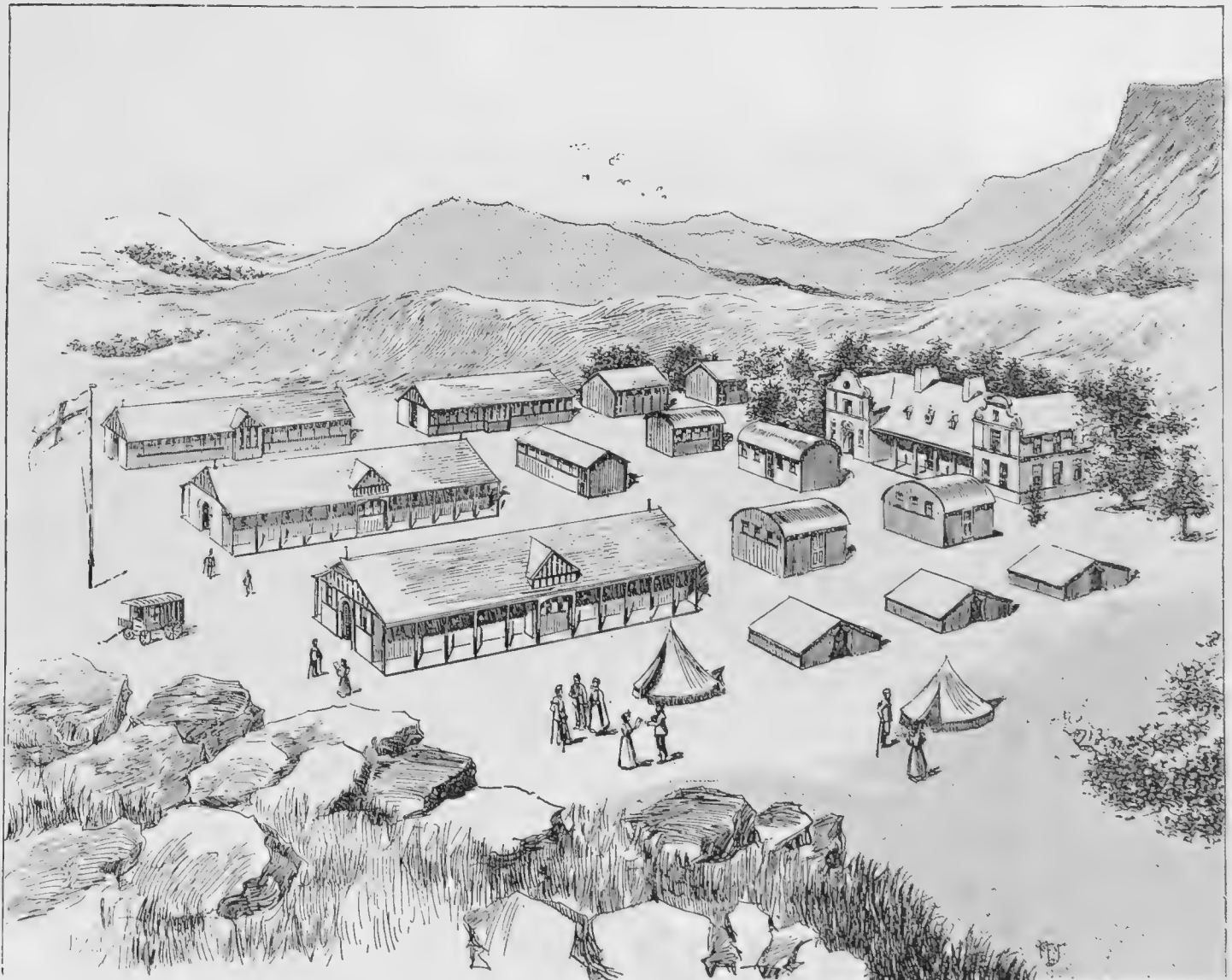
MAJOR H. B. MATHIAS, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVE
TO THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL.

Photo by Heath, Plymouth.



DR. J. PAUL BUSH, OF CLIFTON, CHIEF CIVIL SURGEON TO THE
PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL.

From a Photograph.



THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED IN WAR, TO BE ERECTED IN CAPE COLONY.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

South Africa as a fashionable restaurant! The cellar at the Tugela is said to be irreproachable, and the cuisine Josef-like. Their *chefs* attend the officers of crack regiments with delicacies enough for a siege. The French *Figaro* shows the Boer standing at "shun," and the Englishman smoking in an easy-chair—an arm-chair strategist—into a sporting paper. Strange, when fighting Dutchmen, to be credited by Europe with Dutch courage (originally, by the way, promoted by food, not drink; the Dutch soldier was starved in peace, and overfed in war). 'Twas thus also with the millionaire volunteer in the Cuban War.

But, says someone, surely a smart soldier is not possible without a fine taste in cigars and port? No, certainly not—a requisite hallowed by the glorious traditions of the British Army. Does not Herbert Spencer say that periods of rest and feasting are necessary for warriors? Hear also Bacon, the well-known author of *Shakspeare*, "All warlike peoples are a little idle." Why, whole campaigns of Napoleon's—the reverse of an ascetic General—were affected by a change in the menu. Commissariat is everything. Certain restaurants in town are thus dining Imperial Yeomen in uniform for nothing. (Note—to get oneself measured for a khaki suit at once. So Mark Twain increased his prestige abroad by covering his alpenstock with names of mountains.)

After all, most of the good things will stay at the base or on the lines of communication. Ship's-biscuit will soon be the *hors d'œuvres*, and biltong the dessert (omitting the soup, fish, joints, *entrées*, and a few other details)—the ordinary diet of the Commandant or Field-Cornet. Indeed, piquant dainties like sardines and fresh eggs would only get into his head and lead to grave breaches of discipline. The marvel is how the most thickly gilded of our *jeunesse dorée* "tumbles to" active service—much faster than his *gourmet* of a charger, spoon-fed on the pick of good oats four times a-day.

In the Imperial Yeomanry, where the cook's son is liable to be cut out by the duke's son serving by his side, "extras" have been limited, and wisely enough. The Spartan simplicity of that General who, "with a plate of mulligatawny, the wing of a chicken, and a glass of sherry, could rough it with anyone," had its charm. But there are drawbacks even to war. However excellent an institution, it tends to vulgarise the Service into a mere fighting-machine, and destroys its *status* as a social club.

Not only as the centre of Smart Society, but in its climate, South Africa throws London into the shade. With the frost, England, sportsmanlike as ever, has begun drowning itself industriously. Any comforters, night-caps, gloves, socks, and Balaklava-helmets the troops can send us (they must each have hundreds, and mostly useless) will be welcome to our poor, and a corps can easily be arranged for distributing them. How to keep warm? The value of exercise is questioned. An elderly gentleman, advised to warm his feet in the train by standing on each leg alternately, did so the other day, and was handed over to the next station-master by the terrified passengers as a dangerous lunatic. One secret is to wear one's overcoat and various mufflers in the house before going out, to get them warm. Another is, never to wear mufflers.

There is an insufferable class of people who get up breezily at six, break into a frozen cold-bath (in the "misty light, with the lantern dimly burning"), then a brisk five-mile walk before breakfast (two glasses of cold milk and a stale roll), and they are ready for the day's duties. Still more annoying, they always live long and are never ill. Dr. Nansen is said to enjoy boating up the river, in flannels, in winter. Indeed, missionaries in arctic countries, to produce any effect, are reported to have to picture the final destination of the wicked as a very cold place. In that well-known work, "Letters from Hell," this is actually done!

Where is the fascination in skating? If a mere man, you are kept dawdling on the bank by a girl without two ideas on sport. You use your (only) straps to fasten round her ankles, while her skates lacerate your hands. A valuable day is wasted—if warmer, you would have been hunting—in propping her up and hearing her discuss your appearance in the act of falling, for you have never practised at Prince's. She drags you on to thin ice, and you drive home five miles with the water freezing in your clothes.

However, like most disagreeable things, a frost—except in the drama—is healthy, though it is now proved to scotch, not kill, the microbe. But what of snow? The other night, a young foreign nobleman left the theatre—with only a few shillings in his pocket, as it happened—to find cabs unpurchasable. In thin dancing-pumps, his nobility was very small, and at last, transport utterly breaking down, he applied to a policeman. He is gifted with a highly suspicious manner, and this, with his ignorance of London and a foreign accent, led to his being haled to the police station, with the idea that, if not a Boer spy, he was loitering with intent to commit a felony. Here it was generally agreed that he was "a deep one." For purposes of identification, he was officially informed that the police would call at the address given, on which he explained, "That's what I've been trying to do for an hour and a-half!" Small wonder that England is (in the opinion of benighted foreigners) a "fallen nation" and a "failure"! HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I do not know if it has been pointed out that the genial and versatile Oscar Browning was the most effective friend of the late Mr. G. W. Steevens. It was through Mr. Browning that Steevens came from Oxford to Cambridge to edit the *Cambridge Observer*, and it was also through him that Steevens was introduced to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. By the way, it is stated on good authority that Mr. Browning is the original of the character of Lydgate, in "Middlemarch." He was, at any rate, an intimate friend of George Eliot, and has written a suggestive little book on her life and work. In this he puts "Daniel Deronda" above the rest of her books—a judgment in which he probably stands alone.

One of the most vigorous and most eccentric of the new American essayists is Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee. Mr. Lee, if I mistake not, studied for the Congregational ministry, and he deals both with religious and literary subjects. There is vigour in him, and if he can purge himself of mannerisms he may go far. In an American magazine, Mr. Lee tries to account for the success of Barrie and Kipling. His theory is that the real difference between these men and the hosts of journalists is that they took up subjects that nobody cared for, subjects which they delighted in, whether anybody cared or not, and thus have won the public. He says that the English publisher distinguished for rejecting Mr. Kipling's work said, "Nobody cares about this jungle of yours. Why don't you write on something that people care about?" Kipling, however, delighted in the jungle, and could not help writing about it, whether anybody wanted or not. It is for that reason that the whole reading world to-day crowds jungle-ward across the sea. In the same way, Barrie did not think that Thrums would pay, but he delighted in it, and just because of his delight he at last drew a crowd without trying to. I rather think that Mr. Lee's story is truer of Mr. Barrie than of Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Gosse has written an ingenious paper on Archbishop Benson as a man of letters. He thinks that the Archbishop possesses in quality "a certain individual substance, irregularly developed and uneasily produced, indeed, but individual. There were two men in his intellect. There was the shrewd, active, efficient Prince of the Church who was capable of using conventional language for business purposes with absolute fluency. And there was the scholar, intensely impatient of the commonplace, anxious to express thought in language of the closest naturalism, and delighting in the effort to clothe his expression in wholly new garments of colour, music, and light. The latter figure was almost mute and scarcely glorious." But Mr. Gosse thinks that the Archbishop had the sincerity and courage of a great artistic writer, though he was, unfortunately, not an artist. We come to *terra-firma* when Mr. Gosse tells us that the Archbishop once said to him, in speaking of a literary Dean celebrated for the gorgeousness of his style, "Rather than write like that, I would express myself in mathematical formulas." The allusion is unmistakable.

A few particulars of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's life are gradually coming out. Blackmore's father took pupils at Longworth, where a great tragedy happened. The husband and the wife caught typhoid fever from visiting in the parish during a severe epidemic. The wife died, all the servants, the doctor, and two of the six pupils. No one would go near the vicarage, and their only nurse was the dead wife's mother. Blackmore married a lady of Portuguese extraction. His fruit-growing at Teddington was so extremely expensive that in some years the sales did not pay the mere wages of his gardeners. But Blackmore was strong-willed, not to say obstinate, and went on losing. He did not believe in what he called the modern craze for education, and hated with his whole soul anything approaching to the New Woman. Tennis, hockey, and bicycles for women were to him anathema. He had a great love for a certain type of girls—English, shy, sweet, retiring, and not given to tongue. He once received, but did not accept, an offer of marriage from America! Blackmore held the Christian faith humbly, but with some honest doubt. "It is not so much," he said, "what I believe, as what I wish to believe."

Mr. William Le Queux has returned for a few weeks to San Remo, where he has some literary work to complete before setting out on his long journey to Russia and Siberia. He travels first to Vienna, and is due about the second week in April at St. Petersburg, where he remains only a few days. He proceeds from Moscow to the Urals, and so on to Lake Baikal, of which the full length will be traversed by steamer. It is quite true, as mentioned in some papers, that the Czar has given him permission to visit any of the prisons of Russia and Siberia, at any hour of the night or day. Since Howard's time, no foreigner has been more generously treated. It is to be hoped that Mr. Le Queux will preserve his full independence as a critic, and not yield, as some of the most eminent writers on Russia have done, to the blandishments of officials and courtiers.

As considerable interest has been shown in his journey, I may mention that his descriptive articles in the *Daily Mail* will not begin to appear till after his return, next year. The main purpose of the expedition is, of course, to examine the new Siberian railway. Mr. Le Queux will travel as far as Vladivostok or Port Arthur, on the Pacific, and will return by the ordinary sea-route from China. His diplomatic serial for the *Woman at Home* begins in July.

Mr. Headon Hill has written a novel dealing with the present war. The title will, I understand, be "Cook's Son, Duke's Son." O. O.



"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900

SOME NOTES ON ITS LIGHTER SIDE BY "THE SKETCH" SPECIAL PILGRIM.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

In 1878 the Montgolfier balloon was the *clou* of the Paris Exhibition, and in 1889 Eiffel's complicated ladder took its place. In 1900 it must be admitted that there is no distinct novelty. This is not, though, the fault of the Committee. Oh, no! If ever men defied insanity in the quest of the unknown and sensational, those men did. Across acres and acres of correspondence from men, women, and children with an "idea" they wandered; and I had the questionable pleasure of being allowed to read some of it.

This was one scheme that was offered them, and the writer warned them that if it was not adopted he should take it to London. It was to dig down until the internal fire was reached. He pictured the attraction of

Paris aglow with flame and smoke, and he specially prepared for a possible objection, *inter alia*, that Paris might see itself being sued for infringement of copyright by Mount Vesuvius, by pointing out that the ashes could be swept up every morning. The schemes for modernising the Eiffel Tower were numberless, and included a huge roundabout at the top, with the cars in mid-air, and also the installation of a huge steam-piano that would play with such lustiness and enthusiasm that it

manages to see one-quarter of the amusements that Lutetia provides when she issues an invitation-card to "bearer and friends" throughout the wide, wide world.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to include it as a place where an Englishman is likely to be seen, because events at Boulogne last summer proved the contrary; but there is to be a tremendous bull-fighting arena, with the pick of the Spanish toreadors; the cycling man will see every known crack at the Parc des Princes, and it is being seriously considered whether a camp of 100,000 cyclists of all nations could not be organised on Auteuil racecourse, to ride through the city by day, flower-bedecked, and to descend again at night all ablaze with lanterns. Europe is meanwhile being scoured to engage athletes known to fame for the "Stade," where the Olympian games of Greece are to be revived with absolute historical accuracy. Still harping on the attractions of a greater interest to the male man, I may add that Dr. W. G. Grace will probably be asked to form a team to meet France, that a regatta to rival that of Henley is being organised, and that international sporting displays will be a daily feature.

Certainly, judging from a private view, one of the pleasantest afternoons will be that spent in a voyage round the world at the Mareorama, a picture of which has appeared in a former number of *The Sketch*. You start from Marseilles, amid all the varied life and bustle of the Cannebière, and the great liner on which you have taken your stand soon leaves land behind. The captain is on the bridge and the sailors move about the ship in a realistic fashion, and when the sun goes down and an angry storm springs up the illusion is wonderful. The steamer pitches and rolls, the captain is shouting his hoarse instructions, while you feel inclined to bleat plaintively for the steward. With dawn the storm calms, and on a glittering, sunny sea you steam into the first port. In turn, all the most beautiful towns of Southern Europe, Algeria, and Egypt are visited, and a stopping is made at every one to allow the



OLD PARIS, BUILT BY ROBIDA.

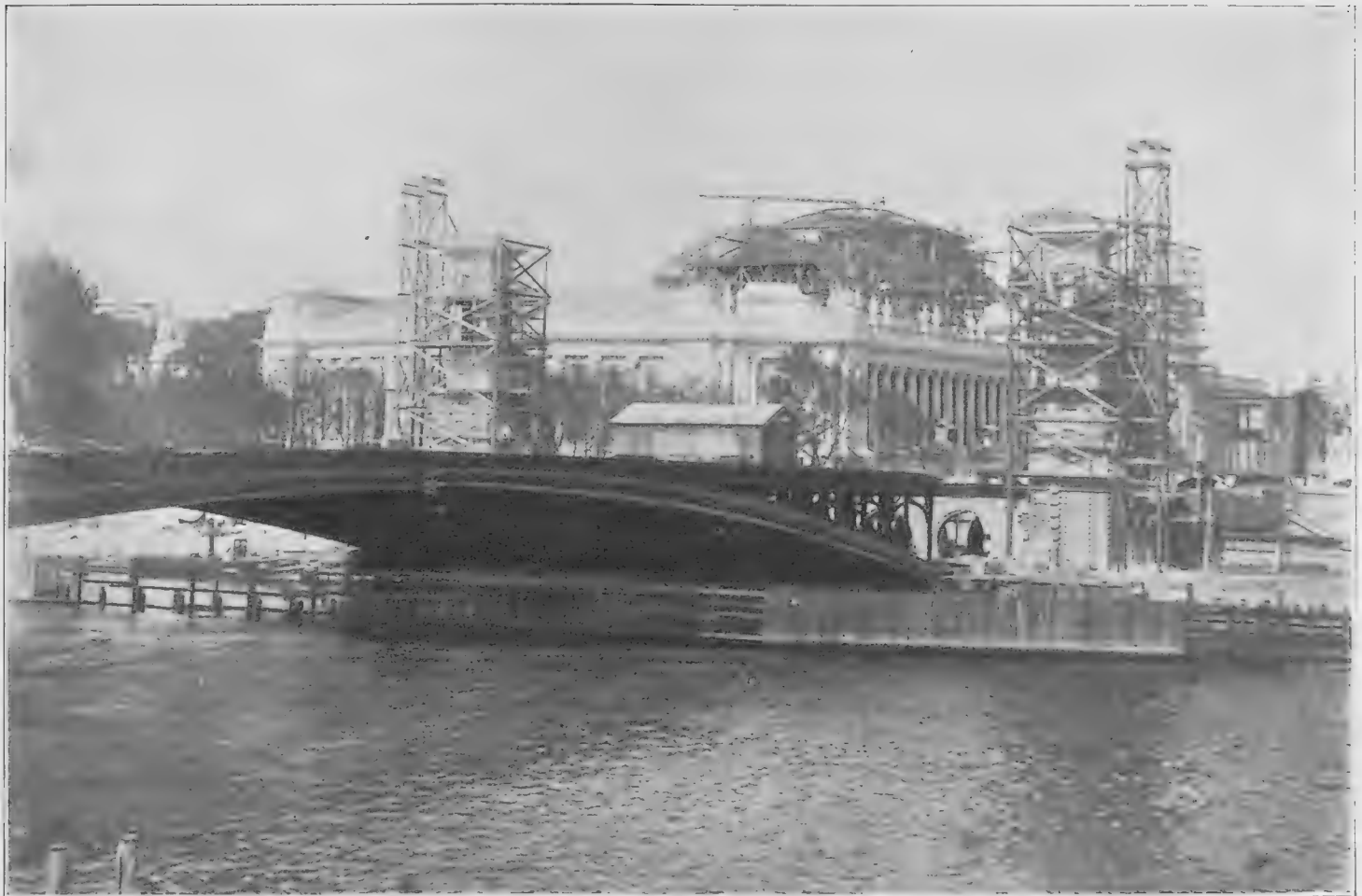
would be heard out at St. Denis. Deloncle's "moon-at-a-mètre" telescope was one of the most serious projects, and, if it is ready, should be a decided attraction if nights are clear.

It may be argued by the somewhat spoiled Londoner, in scanning over a brief list of the attractions both inside and outside the Exposition, that it is *vieux feu* for him after Earl's Court and Addison Road. He may object that a Big Wheel is no novelty, that a Naval Combat will not interest him the more because the French ships are victorious, and that Kiralfy's show in a naked, chilly building will be less attractive. Still, he will argue and pay, and he will require a pretty long purse if he

natives to come down and give their national songs and dances. The painted canvas used in the Mareorama will be close upon three miles in length.

The Paris Exhibition proper is a veritable City of Palaces, running for a considerable distance on both sides of the Seine, and having its grandest entrance in what used to be the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées. You may judge of the magnificence of the buildings by the views given in *The Sketch*. I venture to predict that the picturesque corner of Old Paris—an elaboration of the Old London nook in the Indian-Colonial Exhibition—will be one of the favourite haunts of visitors when the summer heat renders a shady place welcome.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.



THE NEW BRIDGE ALEXANDER III., WITH THE PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS.



THE FOREIGN PAVILIONS DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SEINE: VIEW FROM THE PONT DE L'ALMA.

The Ladysmith Valse.

PLAYED AT LADYSMITH AT THE LAST DANCE GIVEN THERE BEFORE THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

BY J. A. CHRISTY.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO.

f

p

1st time. || *2nd time.*

tr

1st time. || *2nd time.*

f

tr

f *rit.* *f a tempo.*

tr

SUPPLIED EXCLUSIVELY TO "THE SKETCH."



WHAT WE ARE ALL LONGING FOR: "SPRING, SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"THE LONG ARM."

BY MAUD CHURTON AND HORACE WYNDHAM.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the editor of the *Monthly Rocket* sat alone in his room. The labours of the day were practically over, the stream of visitors—all anxious to see him on important business—had at length departed, and the click of the typewriter now ceased to echo through the hushed and silent office. With the exception of this one man, the staff of the magazine had by this time gone their various ways.

The solitary occupant of the room sat at a large American desk strewn with papers and cuttings, gazing thoughtfully, with a curious and puzzled expression of face, at the sheets of manuscript which he had taken from a pile before him. He had already been through them once, on opening his letters in the morning, and, now that he was alone, he turned to the papers again. When the last page had been read, the editor placed the closely written sheets carefully in a drawer, and, leaning back in his chair, gave himself up to reflection.

"I can't understand it at all," he was thinking. "Except for the change of scene, and the matter of turning a collision into a fire—which I don't know that I consider an improvement—the two stories are practically identical. At any rate, they're rather too similar for me to pass the matter over. Some of the passages, too, in this version are reproduced verbatim, as far as I can remember." He smiled a little to himself as he said this. "The extra chapter is original enough, though, and really well written, I'll admit. But what on earth possessed the fellow to send it here, out of all the offices in town where it might have gone instead? The whole thing is quite beyond me."

He stretched out his arm for the speaking-tube, and blew sharply down it. "I don't for a moment suppose that there's anyone downstairs still," he muttered. "The beggars are much too keen about getting away at the earliest possible moment."

Rather to his surprise, however, an answering whistle came back, and a husky "Yessir" was mumbled in his ear.

"Really, this diligence is most gratifying!" the man told himself with a smile. Then, raising his voice, he called down, "If that's you, John, I want you to fetch me up the file of the *Capetown Mercury*, Vol. I., for '84 or '85." "Best to be quite sure of my facts before taking any steps at all," he reflected, as he waited for the carrying-out of his order.

A few moments later, the editor was eagerly turning over the file of papers he had sent for. Presently he seemed to find therein the object of his search, and he began to compare the printed columns with the manuscript he had been reading. Then, making a pencilled note or two thereon, he placed it again in the drawer.

"I don't quite know what to say at this early stage in the proceedings," he said slowly; "but, let me see, first of all, what's the sender's name and address? Ah! 'Claude Hellingham, 14, Cadogan Street, W.' That sounds all right, certainly! Still, I'd better take a second opinion on that point, and see what the Directory has to say about it, for instance."

Reaching down the big red book from the shelf overhead, he looked up the street in question.

"Oh, indeed!" he murmured, with a low whistle of surprise; "No. 14 is a Letter Bureau, according to the authority of the Postmaster-General, is it? This is getting quite interesting. My correspondent evidently uses it as an *adresse de convenance*. Under the circumstances, I think I can understand his very natural reticence."

He paused irresolutely for a second, and then wrote on the sheet in front of him—

DEAR SIR,—If the author of the short story, "The Solitary Soul," will call at this office at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, I or my representative will be glad to see him.

"There, that ought to fetch him," said the man, with a peculiar smile, as he signed the letter "Douglas Baird, Editor." Then directing the envelope to the address given on the manuscript, he posted it at the corner of the street on his way home. "Thus ends Act One, Scene the First," he remarked grimly to himself as he mingled with the hurrying crowd.

On the afternoon of the following Thursday, Douglas Baird sat in his office again. He was obviously not quite at his ease, and from time to time he would open one of the drawers of his desk and examine the papers it contained, as if to assure himself that none of them were missing. Presently he looked at his watch.

"It's a quarter-past three already," he mused. "I wonder if my correspondent is going to fight shy, after all?"

Almost as he spoke, a head appeared at the door.

"Oh, I say, Baird!" exclaimed the newcomer genially, a young man who adorned the *Rocket's* staff in a very sub-editorial capacity, "there's a visitor downstairs asking for you. I don't mind relieving you of the responsibility of seeing her, on your behalf, if you like."

"Her?" replied the editor inquiringly. "What do you mean?"

"The question is, what do *you* mean?" returned the other, with a

laugh. "I expect you know all about it; here's her card, at any rate." He handed it to the other man, who stared at it in surprise—

Miss Grace Chester, to see the Editor by appointment.

"What the devil does it mean?" he queried rather blankly. "I haven't made an appointment with Miss Grace Anybody. I know better than to ask ladies here, with youngsters like you, my dear Foster, on the premises."

"Oh, I say, how about yourself?" grinned the individual thus referred to. "Well, I'll ask her to come upstairs, at any rate. Be careful, old man, and yell if you want any assistance, you know."

He left the room, whistling softly to himself, while the other man picked up the card again, and examined it carefully, as if to discover some indication of its owner's business.

"Some nuisance who wants a job, I suppose," he reflected. "No; Foster would have spotted *that* variety a mile off. It must be another of those infernal amateurs, and the 'by appointment' is a piece of pure cheek. I trust she won't want to read me any poetry, or leave a powder-puff behind to add to Foster's collection of those articles. I wonder how long it will take me before I can induce her to go away?"

A tap at the door interrupted his soliloquy. In answer to his somewhat surly "Come in!" the visitor entered.

The editor of the *Monthly Rocket* slightly raised his eyebrows. Accustomed as he was to all sorts and conditions of visitors, it was not often that such a pretty girl as this invaded his office. His surliness vanished instantly. Like most editors, he could be charming to ladies when he chose. This was one of these occasions. Accordingly, he set a chair for the visitor and returned her timid greeting with a geniality calculated to dispel her very obvious nervousness.

It was a young but sad and troubled face that looked at him across the desk. The soft, fair hair might have adorned the sunny head of a child, but the girlish mouth had assumed a curve of unnatural determination, and the blue eyes were full of that awful fear which is to be seen only in the eyes of the refined poor.

Just at that moment, however, she was smiling hopefully, and Baird, in the face of that smile, took no note of the painful slimmness of her form nor of the marked shabbiness of her attire. He told himself that he would even enjoy the poetry, as long as she continued to smile.

"Er—pardon my forgetfulness," he commenced ingratiatingly, "but the fact is, I—er—I don't quite remember making an appointment with you."

"But I have a letter from Mr. Baird, the editor—I don't know if you are he—asking me to call at three, to-day," answered the girl calmly.

"I am the editor, certainly; but I can't recollect writing to Miss—Ah—Chester, I believe? In fact, I expect someone else at this hour."

"Mr. Claude Hellingham, perhaps?"

"Yes! Do you know him, then?" asked the man eagerly.

"Oh yes, I think I may say I do, a little," she replied, smiling again.

"In fact, I—I am the individual himself!"

"I don't quite understand," returned Baird wonderingly. "Is there such a person at all, then?"

"Oh yes, very much so—I'm he—or rather, he's my *nom-de-guerre*," she answered quietly, seeming to enjoy his evident mystification.

"You?" he replied. "You? What on earth made you take such a pseudonym?" he demanded wonderingly.

"Oh! because I thought a man's name would give my story a better chance of acceptance. But why did you write to me?" she continued anxiously. "I was so glad to get your letter! I thought you had accepted the tale. You are going to publish it, aren't you?" she added, all her smiles vanishing.

"No," said Baird, looking at her steadily; "I don't think I shall."

The girl's eyes filled at the answer, and, as he saw the bitter disappointment in her face, the editor began to feel quite remorseful. It was a deuced awkward business, he told himself, anticipating a bad quarter-of-an-hour ahead.

"I am sorry, Miss Chester," he said, pulling himself together with an effort, "that you should have thought my letter meant acceptance of your contribution. Before we go any further, however, let me ask you one question. Did you send in that story, 'The Solitary Soul,' as original matter?"

A pause ensued. The ticking of a clock on the mantelpiece alone broke the silence of the room. The editor watched the woman keenly—a sudden spasm passed over her face and a hunted look came into her eyes. Then for the first time the man noticed her pallor and the poverty of her attire; she had clasped her hands together, as if to make an appeal, and he saw that even her gloves were carefully mended.

"Poor child!" he thought; "she looks awfully hard-up! I daresay she has rather a rough time of it altogether. That beauty, too, would be her curse, if she is poor."

Still there was no reply.

"If you would rather not answer," he said gently, and in a very different tone to that which he had intended to adopt towards "Mr. Hellingham," "you need not do so. Only, I think you must acknowledge that it is impossible for me to publish the story in my magazine."



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS,

WHO ADORNS MR. TREE'S MAGNIFICENT REVIVAL OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

"Will you tell me w—why?" she asked, trying to control her voice. "I will own that I shouldn't have offered it to you without an explanation, perhaps. But I—I—"

For answer he took from a drawer a newspaper and a pile of manuscript. "This is your manuscript," he remarked, watching her keenly as she put out her hand for it; "and this," he added gravely, taking up the paper, "is the journal in which a certain story entitled 'The Liar' appeared. Now, perhaps, you will understand."

The girl's hand trembled so that she could hardly hold the printed sheet. After a momentary glance, she laid it down again, and then, turning her blanched face to him, she said tremulously, "I—ask your pardon."

The editor of the *Monthly Rocket* held very strong ideas on the subject of journalistic ethics, and considered it to be practically the bounden duty of all members of his craft to expose any attempts on the sacred rights of "Literary Property"; but this was altogether such an exceptional case. He forgot every word of the stern reprimand he had prepared for his expected visitor, and found himself actually making excuses for the offender who had committed what he had hitherto regarded as the seven deadly sins rolled into one.

"Will you tell me, Miss Chester," he asked slowly, "why you sent this to me? Was it for the sake of getting into print—a natural enough vanity, I'll allow; or," he continued in a softer tone, "was the payment that you would have received, had the manuscript been accepted, an important consideration?"

The girl nodded silently, but seemed unable to speak. She tried to brush away a tear that stole down her cheek. Then, losing all control over her rising sobs, she bowed her head on her arms and broke into a passion of weeping.

"I am very, very sorry!" said the man, biting his lip.

"Oh, Mr. Baird!" she exclaimed, trying to regain her composure; "I know it was a dreadfully dishonourable thing to do, but—but—you don't know how hard it has been for me in London. A woman has no chance at all, and, for a girl like me, without interest or friends, it seems impossible to get work. I don't think a rich man would have half so much difficulty in getting into Heaven. I've tried everything," she went on, in a breaking voice; "I've answered letters by the hundred, almost, and have spent more money lately on postage-stamps than on food. I've tramped all over the town for months together, calling on people who have either repulsed me or turned out to be sharks who wanted premiums. I must have tried every newspaper-office in London, but all repeat the same hopeless 'No vacancy!' I've lost heart utterly now, and I'm so tired of it all!"

The hopelessness of her voice stirred him strangely. Douglas Baird had a tender heart for all women, and this one was so young for such a cruel task.

"Have you met with any success at all in your crusade?" he asked sympathetically.

"Yes—a little, but not very much, and nothing regular. I did think the tide had turned once, though, when I got some fairly regular work on the *Morning Comet*; but the paper failed last summer—and left some money owing to me, too," she added sadly.

"That was hard lines! Did you write much for it?"

"Yes, a good deal. I did all those articles on 'The Provincialism of London,' and also the serial, 'The Heart of a Woman,' with some short tales as well."

"By Jove! was it you who wrote 'The Heart of a Woman,' then?" he exclaimed with interest. "How silly of me! I ought to have remembered the name. It was a capital story—you should get it published in volume form. I'm sure it would succeed."

"I've tried to, but it was no good. The first firm I offered it to kept it for seven months, and then wrote to say they would bring the story out if I would bear the expense. They might as well have asked me for the Crown Jewels. The next people who considered it were not so bad; they asked me to pay only half the cost. I knew they were a good firm, and would treat me well, and so I tried to get the money before the book would be too much out-of-date."

"That is why you sent this manuscript to me, then?"

"Yes. I saw that you were offering twenty-five guineas for the best ten-thousand-word story. The money meant such a lot to me, and I was so awfully hard-up! I began a story and got half-way through with it; but it wasn't *alive*, and I, somehow, couldn't get on with it. Then, one day, I came across an old file of the *Capetown Mercury* in the Reading-Room at the Museum. I saw a story called 'The Liar' in it, and liked the central idea very much. I worked it up and changed the construction a little, and added another chapter; and then—well, then I sent it here. I never imagined anyone would recognise it. The paper was over ten years old, and had lasted only a dozen numbers."

She paused for a moment, but the man made no comment. He continued to look at her steadily; his gaze seemed encouraging.

"And now, I think I've nothing more to say," she went on, "except that I'm ever so sorry about it all! I hope you won't think too badly of me—it was such a temptation! Will you tell me, though?"—her voice faltered—"how it was you found me out? I didn't think anyone in London could have read the *Capetown Mercury*, or, even if they had read 'The Liar,' that they could remember it now. It is a curious coincidence, of course?"

"Yes," answered the man slowly, "an extraordinary coincidence. The fact is, though—er—I myself happen to be the original author of 'The Liar.'"

THE SECRET SERVICE.

During the past few days general attention has been directed to the Secret Service by the remarks of Lord Salisbury, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and others in Parliament. Naturally, very little is known by the public of anything relating to it—nothing save, perhaps, that the national accounts bear witness to the fact that considerable sums of money are spent upon it every year.

The Secret Service of our own Government, as well as that of other nations, has always been a tempting field for the display of the ingenuity of the novelist and story-teller, who have fairly rioted in all manner of imaginable and unimaginable incidents of mystery and romance, of plot and intrigue, of peril, adventure, and crime, in their narratives. Ladies, veiled or otherwise, have played a large part in these veracious tales, which generally make these women out to be the most deceitful and dangerous, but invariably the most beautiful members of their sex.

But the Secret Service is the Secret Service, and it keeps its secrets well. Now and again the curtain is raised, as in such books as Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt," where we see its workings last century in Ireland and elsewhere revealed, or as in the case of Le Caron, who figured so conspicuously in the Parnell Inquiry. But, as a rule, its ways are dark, inscrutable, unknown. Yet it has no terrors for us in this country, because, so far as Great Britain is concerned, it may be said to be practically non-existent. In Ireland it is, perhaps, different. That, however, like everything else connected with it, is known to a very small number, whose lips are sealed. Everything concerning the Secret Service money that becomes really known within the Government is subject to a special oath, even in addition to the Privy Councillor's oath, to say nothing of the ordinary obligations of secrecy, and the pains and penalties which would undoubtedly be enforced by law upon anyone who was false to these obligations.

At the beginning of the century there appear to have been what are called "leakages," and in 1805 Parliament appointed a "Committee of Secrecy" to investigate the disposition of £100,000 spent on the Secret Naval Service. The following was the report of the Commission—

That the Circumstances of the Application of the Money were of such a Nature that a Disclosure of them, either at the period when they took place, or at any time since, would have been attended with Public Inconvenience; that it must be a Matter of Regret if anything has occurred in the meantime which may have tended in any degree to such a Disclosure; and that the Reasons against such a Disclosure still continue, and under it the Duty of the Committee is to abstain from entering into any further particulars on the subject.

For the past year, the sum appropriated in the Estimates to the Secret Service was £30,000, and this is the amount at which it has stood for several years. For 1894-5 it was £32,000. Ten years before that period, the Vote was for £50,000. In 1870 it was not much more than £20,000. In the days of the Napoleonic wars, Parliament set apart large sums for the Secret Service; thus, the Vote for 1814 was for £175,000, as was also that for the following year. But, with the disappearance of Bonaparte, the amount at once fell to £50,000. Compare this with the Secret Service money of the Transvaal, which is known to have been £196,837 for 1896.

In the Estimates, the Secret Service money appears lumped under the heading, "Estimate of the Amount Required in the Year ending (say) 31 March (the end of the Fiscal Year) 1900, to Defray the Charge of Her Majesty's Foreign and other Secret Services." No account of the manner in which it is spent is given in to the Treasury, who have to be satisfied with a bare receipt for the disbursement. Frequently, the sum voted is not entirely expended, and for the last three years the Estimate has exceeded the expenditure by rather more than £12,000.

In considering, however, what the country spends annually on Secret Service, regard must be had to two other items. One of these is connected with the Naval Intelligence Department, which costs about £8000 a-year, and the other with the Army Intelligence Department, the salaries of whose staff at headquarters come to upwards of £5000. Both of the departments do work which is in the nature of Secret Service, but the cash to pay for them is found in the Navy and Army Votes respectively.

Our Secret Service, or rather, Services, cost the nation each year, on their present basis, between £40,000 and £50,000.

It is difficult to institute a comparison between what we spend in this way and what any given Continental nation spends. In the French Budget for 1896 one million francs were placed under the heading of "Dépenses Secrètes" in connection with the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, while 600,000 francs and 100,000 francs were credited to the Army and Navy respectively for "Dépenses Secrètes." And, further, it is understood that a large portion of the French military Secret Service money is hidden under the guise of "Missions." With respect to Germany and Austria, it is known that large sums are spent by them on their Secret Service, but the exact figures are unobtainable. And, so far as Russia is concerned—the land of all others believed to have the most perfect and terrible Secret Service in the world—it is impossible to say anything, as the Empire of the Czar publishes no kind of accounts whatever that are open to the public, whether about its Secret Service or any other.

Russia inevitably suggests India, and our Indian Empire spends a considerable sum under the heading of "Political and Secret" expenditure; but a great deal of it can be classed only as semi-secret, much of it being of the nature of allowances to refugees.

A CHAT WITH MISS CLO GRAVES.

We met in the Archdeacon's garden, filled with dahlias, hollyhocks, and late-autumn flowers, while the purple-blossomed wistaria hung in heavy clusters on an old, half-timbered house. It would have been a charming spot had it been real, but, unfortunately, it was only a scene in Miss Clo Graves's forthcoming play of

"THE BISHOP'S EYE," AT THE VAUDEVILLE;

while the peace of this isolation from the traffic of the Strand was disturbed by the noise of the sawing and hammering of a band of carpenters.

"I have never been interviewed before, and should have declined now had any other Editor than dear John Latey have asked me," said Miss Clo Graves, as we found for ourselves a couple of practical chairs. "If you want to know anything of 'The Bishop's Eye' here, and of 'Nurse,' which Mr. Richard Lambart is putting on at the Globe on March 17, you won't get it from me, for I absolutely decline to speak on the subject."

"Is that altogether wise? Of course, I should not counsel your giving away the plot—not that I see any particular reason why you should specially cater for the first-nighters only; but you will, at any rate, disabuse my mind that your play is a religious seven days' wonder?"

"Fancy my writing a religious play! If anything,

IT IS A LEGAL PLAY,

as it turns on a phase of criminality, which perplexes to distraction Mr. Yorke Stephens, who plays a briefless barrister; Mr. Hendrie is the criminal, and Mr. Barnes very faithfully portrays a bishop who is a great philanthropist, while Herbert Ross is a domestic young gentleman, and this should be a very humorous part, I venture to hope. Yes, it is a good deal a man's play, for there is no regular heroine, but a great deal of interest revolves round Miss Granville, Miss Ellas Dee, and Miss Carlotta Addison, who has a charming part. A character who will invite a good deal of criticism will be my portrait of a lady doctor. The time is the present, and the scene is a cottage in Berkshire. Now, you have my play in a nutshell."

"Well, I shall have to wait for the night to find the kernel, I suppose. And, in regard to the 'Nurse,' I must wait for my opportunity 'in another place,' as they say in Parliament. Anyhow, you might tell me how you came to write plays?"

"It was partly the outcome of being first educated as an artist, and developing into a journalist; and partly—indeed, I think I may say chiefly—my having

FOUND MY WAY TO THE STAGE.

There, I was a wretchedly poor actress, and was always better able to play anybody else's part than my own. Indeed, my gift as a stage-manager became quite a proverb. The five years I was on the stage have proved the most valuable of my life; of that I am sure."

"And this experience was in the provinces?"

"Certainly; and when I came to London,

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS GAVE ME SOME WORK.

It may surprise you to hear that I wrote the book and lyrics of 'Puss-in-Boots' for Blanchard in the year 1888, and the pantomime was played in his name. I also wrote about the same time an Egyptian play, 'Nitoeris,' which was put on at a series of matinées. Then I had a big illness, the result of overwork. Afterwards, I was one of a little army of authors who evolved 'She' out of the novel for the Gaiety stage, and 'The Last Days of Rachel' was billed under my name at the Haymarket. Ada Rehan, the most perfect Rosalind we have ever had, and the most charming actress of our time, honoured my play, 'The Knave,' by

PLAYING IN IT IN NEW YORK;

while the construction of my play, 'A Mother of Three,' seemed to please the critics when it was put on at the Comedy. Other plays which have been taken by managers are 'The Matchmaker' and 'The Rape of the Lock,' and I am engaged to write a new opera for Mr. Lowenfeld. I hold the rights of 'The Forest Lovers' of Maurice Hewlett, and Mr. Frohman has secured the American rights of 'The Bishop's Eye,' which will be produced to-morrow night. Now, I think

you know pretty well all I have done. Ah! I forgot to say that Mr. Cyril Maude has purchased a play of mine, and I have

WRITTEN MANY SHORT STORIES

for the *World*, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and *The Sketch*. *Voilà tout!*"

"Ah! those French words suggest that on your shelves at home the French dramatist finds a home."

"Quite wrong! I don't believe I have a single work of any French playwright. No, thanks; I don't care for the Réjane play and the neurotic novel. Of course, the elder Dumas and such old dramatists! No, nor am I any lover of the German playwright. I will concede to the French that they are masters of stage-management, of facial expression, and of gesture—but I go no farther; and certainly they cannot come up to the English in quaintness of humour, wealth of resource, and solidity of construction."

"And do you mechanically work out your plots while writing?"

"Certainly. I draw the whole plan in perspective, and work my figures as I would pieces on a chess-board. If you will come down to England's Lane, where I live, I will show you.

THERE IS MY WORKSHOP,

a good-sized room with a bow-window looking over a garden—now peopled with blackbirds—and beyond to Charlecote Gardens, whilst a side-

window brings some trees and the red roofs of a number of studios into relief. My books—my companions—are arranged half-way up the light-green walls in continuous bookcases, on which busts and sculptured figures are placed. I am rather proud of my trophies of arms, Chinese and Japanese. These were sent me by

MY BROTHER, CAPTAIN GRAVES,

one of five European officers who held commissions in the Chinese Navy. He had a command, and was on the bridge of the *Chen Yuen* when that ship, riddled by seven hundred shot, surrendered and Admiral Ting committed suicide. I suppose I have a good deal of the Irish fighting-blood in me, though I had a grandmother who was French and a grandmother who was Spanish; but, then, my father was a soldier—a Major in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment—who fought in the Crimea, during the Mutiny, Burmah, and China, and, though the late Bishop of Limerick was a relation and a Dean of Armagh was my great-grandfather, they belonged to the Church militant. But, there, I must be off, for I want my lunch."



MISS CLO GRAVES, AUTHORESS OF THE FORTHCOMING NEW PLAYS AT THE VAUDEVILLE, GLOBE, AND HAYMARKET.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who will play one of the leading parts in Miss Clo Graves's comedy, has had a life-long experience of the stage, and probably holds the unique position of having been the youngest actor-manager in the world! At the early age of fifteen years he became lessee of the Theatre Royal, Croydon. Here, for a couple of seasons, his company presented numerous dramas

and comedies with considerable success, young Mr. Hendrie, of course, with the true actor-manager spirit, appearing in all the leading parts. This youthful enterprise was carried on without the sanction of his father. Having thus tasted the first-fruits of success, he was encouraged to take his little company on tour for a week, and arranged for them to appear at the theatre at Southend, in Tom Robertson's "Caste." Strange to say, the very week before Mr. Hendrie's company was billed to appear, a local amateur dramatic club had intended to give a performance of this selfsame comedy, but had been prevented by the author at the last moment. The consequence was that the amateurs and their friends, out of curiosity, booked all seats for the professional performance, and Mr. Hendrie's company played each night to packed houses. At the termination of his engagement, Mr. Hendrie found himself the possessor of about £60. This sudden acquisition of wealth worried him a good deal, as he did not know how he would be able to explain to his father the possession of so large a sum. Thereupon he pondered how he could honestly get rid of his gains, and the only means that suggested itself was to give a supper to the company, and, in order, as he thought, to make the feast as costly as possible, he ordered ducks! Great was his disappointment when he found that his supper, even with ducks, had only made quite a small hole in his pocket. In the end, he sent the bulk of it to some Lord Mayor's fund. Mr. Hendrie is also the part-author of "The Elder Miss Blossom," "The Poverty of Riches," and other plays.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S NEW PLAY

"DON JUAN'S LAST WAGER"—FROM MOLIÈRE TO MOZART—ZORILLA'S PLAY ANGLICISED BY MRS. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM—LYCEUM GRANDEUR TO BE REVIVED AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

"Don Juan's Last Wager," the Spanish play which Mr. Martin Harvey promises to produce next Saturday at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, revolves around a certain young scapegrace, Don Juan by name. But this young gentleman must not be confounded with that other Don Juan whose amorous adventures have been immortalised by Lord Byron, nor yet with that Don Juan, a natural son of Charles I. of Spain (Charles V. of Austria), who conquered the Moors in Granada and gained a great naval victory over the Turks at Lepanto in 1571, and whose exploits were the subject of C. Delavigne's drama entitled "Don Juan d'Autriche."

Tirso de Molina was the first to write a play in Spanish about Don Juan, under the title "El Burlador de Sevilla" (The Boaster of Seville). Gabriel Tellez then followed suit; this was at the beginning of the seventeenth century. About forty years later, Molière and Thomas Corneille wove Don Juan's story into two of their comedies. There was also an Italian version by Goldoni treating of the adventures of the young "rake" (1765), and in that year, too, Gluck wrote a musical ballet on the same subject; while all the world, of course, is familiar with Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

The original story on which all this literary labour has been expended describes Don Juan Tenorio as "a prince of libertines." He is specially credited with having attempted to seduce the Governor's daughter, and the father, forcing the villain to a duel, was himself killed. A statue of the murdered father was erected in the family vault, and one day, when Don Juan forced his way into the vault, he in bravado invited the statue to a banquet. To the amazement of Don Juan, the invitation was accepted, the statue placing himself at the festive board, while compelling his host to follow his example; afterwards he delivers Don Juan over to the evil powers. Such was the old legendary tale. However, in these later days, another playwright, Don José Zorilla, has considerably varied the story in his play, and it is his production which Mrs. Cunningham Graham of Gartmore, herself a Spanish lady, has cleverly re-set and adapted for Mr. Martin Harvey, giving it a somewhat higher moral tone and more artistic complexion.

"You may perhaps be interested in learning how I happened on Zorilla's play," Mr. Harvey remarked to me during the mid-day interval between the rehearsals. "It was rather curious. Probably you are aware that my wife, 'Miss de Silva' professionally, is Spanish. Well, it seems that Zorilla's play so much impressed her father, Don Ramon de Silva Ferro, that he sent it to his little girl, then trying to make a name for herself at the Lyceum, recommending her to show it to Sir Henry. This, however, she never found courage to do, and so the play was laid aside and forgotten, till one day, some time after our marriage, when we had exhausted our stock of Spanish books—for my wife was teaching me the language—the old play was fetched down from the shelf. At once it took so firm a hold of me that I determined some day to produce it."

"Of course, it required much adaptation?"

"Indeed, yes! But, fortunately, none of its dramatic interest has been weakened; on the contrary, for an English audience it has been strengthened, for to the leading characters greater actuality has been imparted. In modern comedy, the players must not wear an air of having been 'dug up'; they must be flesh and blood, real sentient beings, and in this respect Mrs. Cunningham Graham has admirably succeeded in her task, especially in her portraiture of the character of Don Juan—played by myself—tending to bring him in very sympathetic touch with the audience; at any rate, I hope so. She has painted him less black than his prototype. He is not an utterly depraved scamp, but one, rather, who sins by the force of his exuberant spirits and his irrepressible sense of *la joie de vivre*. This is especially brought home when, under the influence of Soledad's purity, he is brought to realise the enormity of his past misdeeds. Soledad is the girl to whom he was betrothed and whom he has abducted, and whom he gradually learns to love with a real

and absorbing affection. There is some resemblance to the story of 'Tannhäuser,' but in 'Don Juan's Last Wager' the hero is finally translated to a heavenly sphere, where the apotheosis of Don Juan takes place with considerable stage-effect, I venture to think."

"From your manner, I gather that you have high expectations of the play?"

"Indeed I have! We have not spared time or trouble, at any rate."

"I expect the production will bring the old Lyceum days to our remembrance?"

"That is what I should indeed like to do! My main desire in mounting the play has been to surround it with a realistic Spanish atmosphere. With that aim, I have consulted no less an authority than Major Martin Hume, who is so well versed in all matters relating to native costume and native custom and the general scenic effects as they would have been in the time of Phillip II., the period of the play. The scenery is painted by our finest painters, Telbin, Hann, Harker, McCleary, and others. The sculptural work—and that is a strong feature—has been executed by Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and the dancing will be real Spanish dancing, executed by Spanish ladies, Señora Mabilia Daniell and Señora Velasco. During the banquet-scene two very important dances are introduced, one of a curious, mysterious order, partly incantation, and partly savouring of the sensuous. The other is

fateful and descriptive of Don Juan's past life. The music will be especially characteristic of the country, and is composed by Mr. Arthur Bruhns, formerly conductor of Grand Opera at Hamburg and Dresden. There will be no less than twenty numbers, embracing many serenades and dances, and a great feature will be the introduction of a variety of instruments new to modern orchestras, so as to simulate native Gipsy music, while a special band of guitarists and mandolinists will accompany special dances. Some of these are characteristically rather Moorish in character. In short, apart from the actual plot, which I am not going to give, there will be provided, I hope, a sort of 'biograph,' in the sense of accuracy and naturalness, of the life in Seville at the time when Don Juan was carrying on his wild career of killing men and wooing women."

T. H. J.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY SEEKS RECREATION FROM "DON JUAN" REHEARSALS WITH HIS PET DOGS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Mr. J. H. Darnley's farce, "Facing the Music," seems likely to "catch on" at the Strand, since it is one of the briskest, if not most meritorious, works of its class seen lately. There may be little novelty in the troubles that come from the fact that John Smith, curate, and John Smith, "bookie," take flats side by side, and cause a number of people, including even the curate's bride, to get into a dreadful state of confusion; but ingenious handling of old material, some rough-and-ready wit, and an almost clockwork performance of complicated scenes drive the farce along amidst roars of laughter. Such a clever, versatile

comedian, as Mr. James Welch is able to be very funny as the "bookie" who gets into a painful mess. Miss Lettice Fairfax and Miss Vane Featherstone back him up skilfully, and Mr. Sam Sothern and Mr. Victor Widdicombe render valuable aid.

The last performance of Mr. Ben Greet's laudable, but apparently unfortunate, season at the Comedy Theatre is the exquisite comedy, "As You Like It," the most delightful work of Shakspeare's wonderful pen. Few plays are so difficult and easy to present as the comedy which fascinated Gautier, and plays a large part, under the name of "Comme il vous plaira," in the wonderful book, "Mademoiselle de Maupin," the translation of which is one of the sins ascribed by the police to an unfortunate publisher. It is difficult, since one feels that too much cannot be done in splendid mounting to honour such a lovely work; and easy, because its quality is high enough to assert itself under almost any circumstances. Mr. Ben Greet's revival was marked by the judicious avoidance of needless splendour and undesirable poverty shown in his other productions. The performance was excellent if not remarkable. Mr. A. S. Homewood was an admirable Orlando, and needs but a little more experience to become one of the best. Miss E. W. Matthison, in the rich part of Rosalind, acted with intelligence and charm, and Miss Georgina Burnett made an excellent Phebe. The melancholy Jaques of Mr. J. Robertshaw was a sound piece of acting. The Touchstone of Mr. Greet was hardly so good as one expected.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Slushy Winter—The Care of Your Wheel—Thoroughness—What's in a Name?—Adaptation of Wheels—The Tool-Bag—Replies to Queries—Yankee Progressiveness—Repair-Shops.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 21, 6.24; Thursday, 6.26; Friday, 6.28; Saturday, 6.29; Sunday, 6.30; Monday, 6.32; Tuesday, 6.34.

Enthusiastic almost to madness must be the man who ventures out with his bicycle in weather like this. I am speaking, of course, with regard to the London climate. As I write, there is a downpour of half-rain, half-sleet, and the roadways are channels of slop and melting snow. Indeed, as somebody suggested the other day, *Cycling Notes* might very well be included under the heading of "Aquatics!"

But if you can't get out of doors, you need not spend all your time looking out of window repining. This bad weather may be sent as a special opportunity for negligent people to have a chance of giving some little attention to their bicycles. Many riders are constantly cleaning and polishing their wheels. The majority of folk, however, give them very little attention. The bicycles are just carelessly wiped with a cloth, and the riders are content if the machines do not look absolutely disreputable. As for tightening up nuts, cleaning the links in the chain, attending to all the odd corners where mud is inclined to penetrate—in a word, putting their steed in thorough riding condition—they never even dream of it. What has often struck me is not the limited life of the ordinary bicycle, but the astounding stretch of existence it actually has, considering the careless way in which the ordinary person treats it.

I feel quite sure there are many thousands of my readers who might spend one of these sloppy days overhauling their machines. Send one of your servants out to buy a shilling book on how to look after a bicycle, and study it, and go over the parts of your mount that want attending to. At the end of the day you will feel the satisfaction of having got rid of the doldrums.

Not many people will just now be clamouring for new bicycles. But folks who intend to invest in one for the coming season are already beginning to worry their friends as to the make of machine they should really buy. Quite half the letters I receive from readers of this page are for advice what machine I recommend. I have, of course, my preference, and yet there is very little difference between the bicycles made by first-class makers. They are all good, and the difference lies only in details. Frequently, however, the question is put to me whether I would recommend a bicycle made by a comparatively unknown maker. No doubt, there is a good deal of rubbish offered to the public. Still, a little-known machine may be quite as good as those extensively advertised. I, therefore, hesitate to say that a small firm can't produce an excellent machine.

There is a growing tendency towards having one's bicycle specially adapted to one's particular build. To ride a bicycle properly, it should be as though machine and rider were parts of one another. A small maker, although he has to buy most of the parts from the big manufacturer, can often give greater personal attention to the build of a machine than is done when the order is sent to one of the great houses. It is an advantage, certainly, for the buyer to be able to come into direct contact with the maker. One can have little sympathy, however, with the man who wants all sorts of freakish adaptations. Still, as cycling is a pastime, a man has a perfect right to indulge his hobbies.

It would be a good thing if the tool-bag were abolished. While great changes have been made in the manufacture of bicycles, the tool-bag has remained as a waggling, wobbling encumbrance to the saddle. One of the things that arouses derisive laughter among American wheelmen is that bag hung on behind. You will not see a tool-bag on

one machine out of five hundred in America. The American does not carry three or four spanners with him. One applicable to every nut on the machine is sufficient. It is neat, slim, and serviceable, and is generally carried in the handle-bar. It is the same with the oil-can—just a narrow little tube that will last for a week, and is not intended for six months. As to repairing materials, the American favours single-tube tyres, and all he therefore needs is a plug or so—a little squirt of solution and a piece of binding-tape. This complete outfit is carried quite easily in the compartments in the handle-bars, and so there is not that unseemly bag hitched on the saddle.

Here is an amusing story I came across the other day which is worth reproducing—

The conductress of a ladies' journal was in a fix. The editress of the cycling column was away on vacation, and the aforesaid managing editress had promised to write the *Cycling Notes* and Answers to Correspondents in her absence. The day before publication had arrived, and the evil hour could be no longer deferred. Long did she struggle with a query from a reader; then, desperately seizing her pen, she jabbed down the following editorial opinion—"DÉBUTANTE.—No, we should not advise you to ride on an empty stomach. Couldn't you borrow a bicycle?"

Being a Britisher, I don't like to be always cracking up the way they do things across the Atlantic, to the detriment of those in my own country. But no man is so foolish as a person who imagines that anybody outside his own little realm is not worth considering. The cycle trade of England is just now in anything but a good way. Although

makers may hold meetings with the object of artificially forcing up prices, they don't seem to have that go-aheadness in obtaining business that our American cousins possess. For instance, I see that at the recent New York Cycle Show there were special papers read to the managers who were brought together on that occasion. The subjects dealt with included: (1) "The travelling salesman: what should his qualifications be?" (2) "How to handle travellers and get best results?" (3) "Price cutting, and how to control it." (4) "Salesmen's expenses, and the guarantee on which they should be treated." We have nothing of

this sort in our annual Shows at the Crystal Palace or at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Yet such a series of papers would, I fancy, be of use to the Britisher. Being anxious that cycling should prosper, I hope that next November something may be done in this direction. Further, as one of the great crowd of pleasure-cyclists, with no interest in the business side of the question, I also want to see (as I have previously urged on this page) general lectures and addresses on cycling that will interest the lay mind rather perhaps than the specialist. It is the layman, after all, who buys the bicycle, and attractions should be arranged to draw him to the Shows. It is very wearying looking at nothing but rows of advertisement-stalls.

These last eighteen months, I have kept a casual eye on several of the repairing-shops in the particular neighbourhood where I reside. Formerly they were bright and smart, with the windows well polished, and all the little accessories to cycling were neatly displayed. This neatness and tidiness seem gradually to be disappearing. The windows are not so frequently cleaned, and there is a general lack-of-business air about the premises. I went into one of these shops the other day, and I found the stock rather dingy, and not even a signal-bell in the place. How is it that these repairing-shops fall into such a slovenly state? People want their tyres mended just as much as they ever did, and they want oil, and when a man buys a new machine he wants a bell. There is much money to be made by repairers if only they organised a scheme of going round to clean bicycles for customers at their houses for a small sum. I am a busy man, and would gladly pay a shilling to have my bicycle thoroughly cleaned, say, once a week. There are thousands of other readers who would do the same. Money is in the scheme if only repairers would wake themselves up to the fact.

J. F. F.



GREAT AUSTRAL WHEEL RACE FOR £500 (TWO MILES).

Held on the Melbourne Cricket Ground under the auspices of the Melbourne Bicycle Club: P. R. Beauchamp (150 yards), 1; W. Matthews (180 yards), 2; H. Thorn (200 yards), 3. Ridden on Grass in Australian record time of 4 min. 28½ sec.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Diamond Jubilee. It would be a feather in the cap of R. Marsh if he could win another Derby for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales with Diamond Jubilee. This colt is said to have wintered well, and he has let down, and now looks more like a racehorse than he did when competing for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. I looked him over after that race, and I thought he had "too much daylight" under him to become a flyer; but I may have been wrong. The colt has improved wonderfully in his temper, and he is now as docile as a kitten, but the Old Adam may possibly assert itself once more when he hears the rustle of silk on a racecourse. It would be a great stroke of luck for M. Cannon to be on the back of a Derby winner two years in succession, and it may be taken for granted that the Persimmon scene would be repeated if the good thing were to come off. By-the-bye, I never before mentioned one little incident in connection with the win of Persimmon. When the Prince and Princess of Wales reached Victoria Station after the colt's victory, Smith's bookstall was hung all round with copies of *The Sketch* and the portrait of Watts in the Royal colours on the back of Persimmon. It was the most enterprising, topical, up-to-date bit of decoration I have ever come across; and didn't they sell, too!

A "Slump" Prevented. As many of the heaviest Turf speculators are out of the country, I am afraid the market transactions on the early Spring Handicaps will be light, and I do not think it will be possible to land a big *coup* either over the Lincoln Handicap or the Grand National. Many of the owners having horses engaged at Lincoln will not run their horses unless they are sure of a good market. I continue to hear glowing accounts as to the well-being of Strike-a-Light, Royal Flush, and Downham, and, bar accidents, I think this trio will go to the post. The first-named is said to have won a good trial against Ercildoune in the autumn. It is difficult to find out anything definite as to Manifesto and Drogheda, who are both engaged in the Grand National. I like the first-named best at the weights, but many of the other critics are against me. Time will tell who was right in this matter.

Her Grace on a Donkey. I went out to Normanhurst to hunt with the East Sussex Hounds the other day, but the Hon. Tom Brassey and Mr. Egerton decided the frost was too severe to risk a day's outing, so we had to face a blank. In riding through the town of Battle, on my way home to Hastings, I was lucky enough to meet the "oldest inhabitant," who was in a talkative mood. Perhaps the most interesting item I gathered from his discourse was that Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, who is nearly eighty years of age, often rides on a donkey that was given her by Lord Kitchener. Her Grace is full of activity, according to my informant, and, when she is not travelling round the globe, she is riding on the donkey or walking in the neighbourhood of Battle Abbey. I rode the winning donkey in a race on the Prince of Wales's wedding-day, but the animal came in last! Such were the conditions of the contest.

What Owe! In a little conversation I had with one of our biggest bookmakers recently, he told me that some of the professional backers finished up the season of '99 badly, and, in one or two cases, the settlement has yet to take place. One big backer retired from the game at the end of the Epsom Summer Meeting, as he found himself reduced down to his last £20,000, which, he argued, would, if invested at five per cent., bring him in a safe income of £1000 a-year. He, however, failed to pay up his losings to the Ring. Mr. R. H. Fry is owed quite £200,000, the bulk of which he will never get. However, occasionally he receives big cheques from clients who, having owed the money for years, suddenly come into property and proceed to pay up. Those professional gamblers who bet on every race fare the worst in the long run. The careful ones who act only upon inspired information hold their own fairly well.

Cherry Ripe. Full particulars have just come to hand of the race for the Viceroy's Cup, run at Calcutta, on Dec. 26. Lord Curzon's first Cup-day attracted a largest attendance on record. The crowd was the gayest that has ever been known, and the prismatic

appearance of the paddock outrivalled any collection of colours to be found either at Ascot or Goodwood. There were ten starters for the Cup, which was run over a mile and three-quarters, and Merloolas was favourite at even money, but the horse ran unplaced, and the race went to a 10-to-1 chance, Cherry, a six-year-old, by Lochiel—Peril, with 9 st. 3 lb. in the saddle. The horse is owned by H.H. Kour Sahib of Patiala, and was ridden by Gibbs, who said that Cherry gave him a very rough ride for the first half of the journey, and nearly pulled him out of the saddle. He won easily at last from Up Guards, who, it will be remembered, won the Chester Cup in 1898; Vedette finished third to Cherry, and Toxteth was fourth. Among the beaten lot was Keenan, a horse once well known on English courses. Cherry was trained for the Calcutta Cup by T. Scott.

160 degrees in the Sun.

My Melbourne Correspondent informs me that Dewey, the Cup winner, has been sold to go to India. The other smart four-year-old, Merrewé, is very likely to be sent to England. While we have been grumbling and freezing in England, the Colonials have caught it warm. To quote the words of my Correspondent: "It has been sunny with a vengeance for the two or three days of the New Year. We had it 103, 105, and 107 degrees in the shade, with 155 to 160 degrees in the sun, so you can imagine we are not quite so cold as you are in England at the present moment. Anyone who has not been in Australia can hardly imagine the peculiar heat. We get a strong north wind, and with it the heat wave, which, at 150 degrees or so, seems to fairly scorch through your clothes, being, of course, a dry heat." To many of us who have during the last few weeks had to tramp over snow, and that, too, at a good pace, to keep up the circulation, the state of affairs existing at Melbourne would be welcome. Fancy meeting with a single human being at this time who actually grumbles about the heat!



CHERRY, WINNER OF THE VICEROY'S CUP.

Inspector of Foods Wanted. In the interest of owners, I think the Jockey Club should appoint an Inspector of Foods, with full powers to visit all the racing-stables periodically to test the corn and hay on which the thoroughbreds are fed. I do not for a moment suggest that trainers do not give their horses proper food; but there have been cases where bad hay and bad corn have been used by trainers, and an Inspector would at least prevent this error from being persevered in, because it is possible that any trainer could feed a lot of hay or corn of doubtful quality before finding out his mistake. Hay too new or corn too warm would work untold mischief in a big stable, and an Inspector of Foods could be relied on to get the dealers in doubtful corn punished according to the law. English trainers are so conservative that they would oppose any reform even though it were for their personal benefit. At the same time, I think the pure-food question is one that is at least worth considering.

CAPTAIN COE.

A handsome new book, illustrated by seventeen photographs, has just been published by G. A. Pearson, Limited, called "The Kendals," of which Mr. T. E. Pemberton is the author. As the title suggests, the book is a biography of Mr. William Hunter Grimston and Margaret Shafto Grimston (née Robertson), commonly known, admired, and loved as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Mr. Pemberton, in his appreciation, perhaps tells very few facts about these distinguished artists not already known in the theatrical world; but to the general reader the story of their lives—lives, it is to be hoped, but half finished—is an interesting record of hearty, heartfelt work and well-earned success. There are, it may be, fewer of the anecdotes which the reviewer likes to pluck out *à la Jack Horner* than might have been expected, and some have been in print before. Perhaps the most effective is the tale about the American country manager, who, when Mrs. Kendal objected to washing in a tin bowl, answered, "Waal, I guess your betters hev!" and found a few minutes later that the Kendals' manager was offering him a cheque for the contract forfeit-money and arranging to leave the town without a performance. That manager "guessed" that he had better sing another song, and did. The book brings the biography down to the splendid performance in "The Elder Miss Blossom," which makes all Londoners hope that we shall soon see again in the "little village" these interesting and brilliant artists.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Very few actually realise, I believe, the secrecy that prevails in the dressmaking *monde* concerning plans of fashion that are to be, as each season comes round and gives the occasion for that change which the soul of woman loveth. We who wear them, however, take our



A SUGGESTION FOR EARLY SPRING.

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fashions with a certain mild interest and tempered curiosity wholly at variance with the mystery, the inventive paroxysms, the jealously guarded exclusiveness which surrounded their birth; and it would amuse not a little the fashionable maid or matron who so carelessly assumes a certain style in gown or mantle, to discard it in a month or two for something newer, could she but take a peep behind the scenes and note how vigilantly guarded that same method of garment-building was until the appointed time had arrived for its introduction to an appreciative world. Nor did I, *moi qui vous parle*, ever fully realise this grave and potent fact myself until when spending a few days in Paris on the way South, for the express purpose of getting an inkling of things sartorial to be, when I found all my efforts of "open sesame" at the various important ateliers met by polite regrets that the season was still too undeveloped, both from the calendar and atmospheric points of view, to admit of unveiling from their Egyptian darkness of tissue-paper the forthcoming fashions of spring. Of course, it was not actually conveyed in bald words that *La Mode* was waiting and ready for fair winds or circumstance to disclose herself. I learned so much, later, from one of the big milliners, who, having nothing to conceal in her own wares, was ready and willing to be discursive about those who had. For new hats, like a less picturesque section of the public, we have always with us, but new modes in dress are a very different matter indeed.

Here, however, at Monte Carlo, more perhaps than any other place, one sees the advance guards of fashion, and some of the dresses are worn daily, and more especially in the evenings, at the Casino. Needless to

add, those who appear in the most gorgeous and expensive dresses are by no means amongst the elect whom one might meet at dinner, for example. But that fact in no way detracts from the completeness of their clothes. On the contrary rather, for the possessors of legitimate income will scarcely pitch away thousands sterling on the impossibly gaudy glories of silk, lace, and sequin which one sees so freely displayed in the famous *Salle de Jeu* every afternoon and evening.

Panne seems a very favourite material now, for the weather, though mild, has reflected some of that chilliness, more especially in the evenings, which has lately afflicted and affected all parts of Europe. Still, we are warm enough to admit of roses growing in the open, and, in comparing notes with daily arrivals from England, are free to confess our indebtedness to the climate-keeper of the gods. Returning to the sublime subject of frocks, I notice a good many of the smartest women divide their outdoor affections between pale-coloured faced cloths, generally embroidered, and skirts of fancy spring materials, surmounted with the inevitable bolero of embroidered panne. A very pretty dress which is staying here is made of pale dove-grey polished cloth, underneath it being a plain skirt of gros-grain, in a smart check of pink, black, and white. To show glimpses of this colouring, the grey cloth is cut away at back and sides, from waist to hem, having a lattice-work of cloth through which the silk check shows as the light through a Venetian-blind. Pleated skirts are also much in favour, and when well fitted have a very graceful method of their own.

The Duchess of Marlborough is here, and displays a well-marked interest in the *trente-et-quarante* room, putting on her Louis freely,



[Copyright.]

A NOVEL DESIGN FOR A TAILOR-MADE WALKING-DRESS.

and seemingly coming off with fair luck. A few evenings since, the Transatlantic Duchess wore a particularly beautiful gown of real ivory lace, made over pale-blue silk and chiffon, her hat being of twisted blue chiffon, caught down with steel passementerie. The

Duchess must be quite one of the tallest women staying at Monte Carlo, with Mrs. Leslie Ward, who is here with her husband, coming a good second. A gorgeous *inconnue* was wearing the loveliest dress of white panne, elaborately embroidered in tiny steel paillettes, at the Casino some evenings since. With her was someone in a curious but most effective gown of pale plum-coloured lisse, having crescent-shaped applications of rich ficelle-shaded guipure arranged on sleeves, bodice, and the hem of skirt. This latter was a particularly successful dress, and looked infinitely better than would appear from its description. The heat of the rooms is already so great that the lightest clothes are the most comfortable, in the evening particularly. Many of the ultra-smart dresses are worn with a slight décolletage, but not by what poor Corney Grain used to call the "nice people."

So much has been written, from the highly moral to the highly humorous points of view, concerning these same gaming-tables, with all possible cadences of comment in between, that it would be giving these

unsatisfactory and unpicturesque limitations is indeed a *bêtise* when a little judicious assistance, not to say manipulation, in this particular so readily and effectively paves the way to a highly agreeable altogether. Picture to yourself, for example, a feminine angel who comes down in an ill-created wrapper of printed cotton or nun's veiling, and the same piece of mortal perfection in a *deshabille* built entirely of white mousseline-de-soie, made *en Princesse*, the whole being accordion-pleated over a ground of what the journalistic poetesses call "shimmering" white satin. A slight décolletage is permitted in front, and the bodice is further encircled by a shawl-collar of white satin, in part covered with Luxeuil lace, or rather, guipure, which is always more effective. A narrow rosette of black velvet finishes the collar, and the sleeves of transparent guipure show narrow barrettes of black velvet encircling the under-arm. Two Watteau pleats of soft white satin begin at the shoulders and prolong themselves into a short train, being edged at the bottom with a band of the Luxeuil guipure bordered by narrow black velvet ribbon. Altogether, a most appetising and delightful *matinée* this.

Madame Melba is one of the latest notable arrivals at Monte Carlo, and in the sunshiny mornings on the Terrace is to be seen taking the mild and sheltered exercise which it affords, dressed in the latest Paris perfection, or watching the bird-slaughter from the *Tir aux Pigeons*.

Black cloth, which is insisted on as a fashionable novelty by Paris dressmakers, makes one in the diva's list of costumes, profusely embroidered in silver and lined with pale-blue silk. Why black cloth should, by the way, be suddenly crammed into that last place of modish methods known as the *dernier cri* by those who give us our sartorial laws, who can say? Some seem to think, and they are not impossibly right, that it is partly a reflex of the more sober habiliments which *la guerre* has imposed on Englishwomen, leading our adaptable neighbours of the Seine-side to bring in this sombre fashion. Meanwhile, here at the headquarters of matters millinery the black cloth sheath-like dress is always ornamented with elaborate embroideries of gold or silver braid, much like that used for uniforms, which gives the wearer quite a military effect at a little distance, and glitters conspicuously in the bright Riviera sunshine.

The reckless way in which women trail their costly draperies over the white limestone pavements here is not alone a sermon in stones but in other substantial arguments as well. I saw two practically priceless frocks dragged over the roads in this *insouciant* manner, and had more than half a temptation to politely but firmly request their respective owners to hold them up. Fortunately, my economical instincts were nipped in their enterprising bud by the imperative representations of my friends, who had no sympathetic qualms on beholding a white silk covered with mother-o'-pearl sequins, or a pale-grey silk the lower skirt built entirely of chinchilla, being unfeelingly dragged over destructive roadways.

As this week's homily is, as it naturally would be from here, entirely devoted to the gentle art of clothes, I am constrained to add to my list of *chefs d'œuvre* a *Princesse* dress composed entirely of drab-coloured mousseline-de-soie richly embroidered with buff and turquoise beads, which was worn by the Princess of Monaco some evenings since at a private dinner. Instead of being made up over taffetas, satin in a corresponding shade of pale drab formed the under-skirt, with much brighter effect. A yoke of bouillonnée mousseline and a deep-frilled flounce of the same from the knees were the only parts of this elaborate dress which were devoid of the bead embroidery. The Princess wore a high tiara of diamonds and turquoises and a ceinture of the same, which finished a unique costume in the most appropriate possible manner. That particularly bright shade of pink which French dressmakers are describing as "ibis" is very much on the list of smart novelties in colour, and at the dinner-party in question a pretty, clear-skinned brunette did herself to admiration in a satin gown of the colour, trimmed with heavy shaped flounces of Venetian guipure and narrow black velvet fringes. Around her shoulders a shaped flounce of the same lace was thrown into relief by a rosette and ends of black tulle, while an aigrette of the same, finished by an immense diamond crescent, showed in her hair. The *sortie de bal* which this well-considered and well-supplied little lady wore on her homeward way was, by the way, made entirely of white ostrich-feathers, and was, needless to add, indescribably expensive and becoming.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ESTELLE (Washington).—I have often heard similar complaints from your countrywomen. But why not wear the dresses once, when, I believe, they would go as part of your ordinary wardrobe and escape the heavy duty? I have also heard that stitching-in soiled lace tuckers to neck and sleeves, as well as a dingy balayouse, is another method of circumventing even your Argus-eyed Customs people. For the gloves, veils, and other toilette trifles, you cannot do better than go to Mr. Lee, of 100, Wigmore Street.

SYBIL.

The growing importance of the passenger traffic passing between England and France is illustrated by the following returns of the three principal routes—Newhaven-Dieppe, Dover-Calais, and Folkestone-Boulogne—for the years 1898 and 1899—

	1898	1899	
Newhaven-Dieppe	167,472	176,116	+ 8,644
Dover-Calais	276,000	261,670	- 14,330
Folkestone-Boulogne	133,319	167,437	+ 34,118
	576,791	605,223	+ 28,432



[Copyright.]

A RICHLY EMBROIDERED BALL-GOWN.

pages an ancient and fish-like flavour did one attempt to adorn the inevitable tale which the "dear green tables" are telling every day of every year from 12 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. But one cannot help wondering a little, all the same, at the eternal credulity of man, not to mention womankind, which goes on yielding up its store of "cart-wheels" and Louis d'Or in the fond hope of at last beguiling blind Fortune and encompassing the impossible. I saw a woman win four thousand pounds sterling in four *coups* this week, and within seven minutes by the clock; but I have also seen other things, and I am well assured that, if that lucky person stays on here, she will give it all back to the Administration which can afford to pay His Highness of Monaco forty thousand a-year royalty and not miss so insignificant a *douceur*.

Apropos des bottes, I have often contrasted the morning appearances of French and English women, and wondered why it is that we on this side of the Channel have never mastered—or, more properly, and to coin a word, mistressed—the difficult art of *deshabille* in which our French sisters so entirely and absolutely excel. There is really an art, though few realise it, of being able to look well in the morning and after a journey. For to abandon one's poor human nature to its own

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

THE SITUATION AND THE SINEWS OF WAR.

The Bank Return was a strong one, but the market is still waiting for the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the form in which the war-needs of the country are to be dealt with. For ourselves, we have no doubt that the expenses ought to be defrayed by a loan, and not either in part or in the whole by extra taxation. At the end of the Waterloo Campaign, the National Debt was far larger than it is at present; since the Crimean War we have reduced the amount we owe by some £175,000,000, and to-day we stand in the position of owing about one-half as much as France. The country is now able to carry a National Debt far easier than in 1815, and we are fighting as much for the existence of a world-wide Empire as we were then, far more, indeed, than we were in 1854, and it is eminently fair and reasonable that those who are to inherit the property should bear the burden of finding the cash necessary to keep up the boundary-fences. In good times, by all means let us reduce our indebtedness; but let us openly and avowedly do it so that, when the day of war and stress comes upon us, we may have the credit required to raise the funds necessary to keep our Empire together.

The general opinion is that a war-loan, with interest at 3 per cent., issued at a trifle over par, would be the most popular form in which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach could meet the expenses, and that the interest should, when we have done with the South African business, be made primarily a charge upon the revenues of the revolting Republics, behind which would, of course, be the credit of the Government of Great Britain. If the interest on such a loan is too heavy a burden to impose on the Boers, at least they might be made to provide the sinking fund for its redemption.

This would be the ideal method of providing the necessary money, but because it is ideal we suppose it will not be adopted.

FOREIGN RAILS.

The disturbance caused to the Argentine Railway Market by the outbreak of plague in Rosario is gradually subsiding, but it has left its effect upon prices in that department, and they seem to be unable to throw it off. Centrals, for instance, as we write, are 110, and, considering that the line is not likely to be grievously affected by the plague, and that the stock was considered by the market to be cheap at 115 only a few weeks back, there seems to be good hope of a recovery as soon as the disease ogre is laid low. It is because no one can tell how much or how little damage may be done to the companies that quotations keep weak, and naturally the traffics do not help the market at present. But we should think twice, or even thrice, before selling any Argentine Railways now; in fact, Centrals, "Roseys," and Westerns all seem to be better worth buying than selling as a speculation. Brazilian Railway shares are coming to the front. Rio Claro have crept up to nearly 25, and there is a strong tip out to the effect that the price is bound for 30. The market is certainly a very good one. The remarkable rise which has lately carried Western of Havana Railway shares up to 14 should have a good effect upon other Cuban lines. Central Cuba Ordinary shares we have considered a good second-class investment since the company was inaugurated not so very long ago. The price is about 4½ for the £10 shares, which are fully paid. Mexican Rails hang fire disappointingly, but, now that the Grand Trunk jubiliations have calmed down, it is quite on the cards that Mexican Firsts and Seconds may be taken in hand. At present, however, the market is dormant. Ottoman Rails are rarely mentioned, but some slight buying has recently taken place in Nitrates.

ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

The Electrical Supply Market is beginning to lift up its head after many weary months of inanition. Bit by bit the leading companies' shares are working themselves into notice by their consistent dividend-paying and steady progress. The market for the shares does not show much tendency to broaden—at least, the growth of dealing is so small that it reminds one of the Irishman who observed that the size of the hailstones in a certain storm varied from a shilling to eighteenpence. Three of the principal undertakings have increased their dividends by one per cent. for the past half-year—the Westminster, Charing Cross, and the Kensington, and, considering the cost of materials, they deserve congratulation on the feat. Copper has been abnormally dear, and coal

makes a still worse feature of the companies' balance-sheets. Yet the increase of trade and receipts goes on steadily as ever; many more lights are added to those already installed, and in every London district electricity, it would seem, is to play a still more prominent part in the future than it is doing now. In the current six months, the cost of fuel will be a heavy drain upon the resources of the undertakings, and it cannot be expected that they will do better—so far as we can judge at present—in 1900 than was the case in 1899. At present quotations, the leading shares pay about 4 per cent. or a shade over, and, as investments of a sound commercial character, they are worth having. Of the cheaper shares—Brush, South London, Smithfield Market, and the like—we should say that they were speculative investments with a none too brilliant future.

All the talk in the world about electricity does not seem to hurt the Gas Companies in the least. No doubt, they would be doing considerably better if they had no such rivals in the field; but, despite the competition, their energies and dividends continue almost unabated. The Ordinary stock of that old monstrosity—the Gas Light and Coke Company—is an excellent investment even now, yielding a very fair

return of interest; and for a safer security, one less liable to sudden fluctuation, South Metropolitan Gas is a good example. The latter company is one of the best that supplies the Metropolis, and affords a shining example of how a Gas Company should be run, as contrasted with the Gas Light and Coke concern. In time, no doubt, local authority will take control of the gas and water arrangements of the country; but that day is yet far off, and its advent need not, after all, be contemplated with aught but equanimity by the gas stockholder.

EXIT KENT COAL.

When Arthur Burr originally started his fantastic scheme for sinking shafts near Dover to exploit Kent coal, and succeeded in getting the British public to put a considerable sum of money into the venture, upon the strength of certain bores which, if they proved anything, demonstrated clearly the unpromising nature of the speculation, we denounced the whole affair in no measured language; and from that day to this, readers of *The Sketch* who will take the trouble to turn up our file will see, we have never ceased from warning all sorts and conditions of people against throwing their money down the holes which with more or less assiduity were being sunk; and now the end has come, and it is reported the enterprise is about to be abandoned.

There may be coal in Kent, the measures may even at a great depth be of a payable nature; but the rotten nature of the finance—almost Lawsonian in its grotesqueness—the gang of harpies who have surrounded and battered on the promotion of the various companies, and the efforts which have been made to prevent a full and complete inquiry, have been enough to kill the enterprise—as they would have been to strangle any even far more promising venture. The shareholders have not responded to the amalgamation and reconstruction proposals sufficiently to allow the directors to go to allotment, so we understand the holes at Dover are to be shut down, the plant is to be sold for old iron, and exit Kent Coal.

We are sorry for a certain number of honest men whose reputations have been injured by connection with Mr. Arthur Burr's project, or who, carried away by honest enthusiasm, have dipped their hands in their pockets deeper than prudence justified to support the speculation; but we are more sorry for the numberless small investors, who looked on the venture as "a sound home industrial enterprise" (to use the words of one of our correspondents), and have to suffer not so much for their folly as for their inexperience.

KAFFIRS.

The question of how high prices have ever risen, and how low they have dropped in the course of their history, is always interesting. Many people allow their judgment to be guided by such statistics when considering whether they should buy such-and-such a share, or leave it alone, and the figures do undoubtedly serve a useful purpose in showing what can be done in a good market or a bad, as the case may be. The last five years have been by far the most interesting in the history of the South African gold-mining industry. With statistics and comparisons of its expansion we have been drenched by various companies' reports and literature—notably those of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa—so it is unnecessary to go into that matter again for a while. But perhaps a short table of the most interesting changes that have occurred since the beginning of the great Kaffir "boom" that culminated in '95 is not so easily obtainable. We would suggest that our readers



"PANMURE."

cut out the following list, pin it up in their office or their bedroom, and cease not from its study until they can put their hands behind their back and rattle it off by heart—

Company.	1895.		1896.		1897.		1898.		1899.	
	High.	L. w.	High.	Low.	High.	Low.	High.	Low.	High.	Low.
Bantjes ...	7 $\frac{1}{16}$	2 $\frac{1}{16}$	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	1 $\frac{5}{16}$	2 $\frac{5}{16}$	$\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{11}{16}$	2 $\frac{1}{16}$	1
Chartered ...	9	2 $\frac{1}{16}$	5 $\frac{11}{16}$	2 $\frac{1}{16}$	4 $\frac{5}{16}$	1 $\frac{5}{16}$	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 $\frac{3}{16}$	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
City and Sub.	6 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	5 $\frac{1}{8}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	5	6 $\frac{5}{8}$	4 $\frac{1}{8}$
Crown Reef ...	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{3}{8}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	12 $\frac{5}{8}$	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{3}{8}$	20	12 $\frac{1}{4}$
De Beers ...	32 $\frac{3}{8}$	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	31 $\frac{1}{4}$	20 $\frac{1}{8}$	30	26 $\frac{1}{4}$	30 $\frac{3}{4}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{4}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
East Rand ...	—	—	8 $\frac{11}{16}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{9}{16}$	1 $\frac{1}{16}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{9}{16}$	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{16}$
Ferreira ...	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	23 $\frac{3}{4}$	15 $\frac{3}{4}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	26	17
Glencairn ...	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	3 $\frac{1}{16}$	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	2	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{5}{8}$	3	1 $\frac{3}{8}$
Henry Nourse	7 $\frac{7}{8}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{5}{8}$	5 $\frac{3}{8}$	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jumpers ...	8 $\frac{1}{16}$	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	8 $\frac{1}{8}$	3 $\frac{1}{8}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{5}{8}$	7	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Knights ...	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{5}{8}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{7}{8}$
Modders ...	17 $\frac{1}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	5	1 $\frac{1}{16}$	6 $\frac{1}{16}$	3 $\frac{1}{16}$	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{3}{8}$
Rand Mines ...	40 $\frac{1}{4}$	19 $\frac{3}{8}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{4}$	33 $\frac{9}{16}$	15 $\frac{9}{16}$	34 $\frac{3}{4}$	25 $\frac{1}{8}$	45 $\frac{3}{8}$	27 $\frac{1}{8}$
Sheba ...	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 $\frac{5}{16}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{5}{16}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{16}$	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	$\frac{1}{16}$

It is seen at a glance that, in almost every case, the highest prices of 1895 were above those ruling to-day: Crown Reef and Henry Nourse are the only two whose present prices are within thirty shillings of the top figures in 1895. Not even last year's Kaffir "boom" was sufficient to raise the majority of the shares over those unduly inflated values which began to crumble in September 1895 (when the Barnato Bank appeared), gave way two months later at Turkey's issuing a moratorium, and crashed heavily at the news of Jameson's most unhappy raid of Dec. 29 of that year. During 1896, Great Britain and America were at loggerheads over Venezuela, but in 1897 the Kaffir Market began to gather way, and this time last year the last "boom" was beginning. The coming of the next who shall predict?

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

By the time that these humble lines meet thy haughty eye, proud reader, perhaps the question of how the War Loan is to be raised may be settled once and for all. In the Consol Market opinions have been pretty evenly divided as to the form that the new issue will take, and Consols hang prudently around par. House operators are rather shy of selling bears of Goschens; firstly, it is unpatriotic, and secondly, it probably won't pay. So the market keeps quiet, and investment prices generally are well maintained, considering the uneasiness of the times. I have several notions of my own as to what the Government had better do as regards raising the war-loan, but my poor suggestions pale before the daring novelty of those propounded by a gentleman who has been writing to the newspapers advocating, *inter alia*, an issue of bank-notes "with a distinctive feature, like the Queen's head, in the four corners," these notes to be taken out of circulation afterwards from taxes collected; to place a halfpenny war-tax stamp on all packages of tea, tobacco, and railroad-tickets of the value of sixpence, and other like eccentricities. It would certainly be a novel idea to place a halfpenny stamp on "packets of railroad-tickets," and I wonder how the long-suffering Directors will relish the idea.

"This great Empire," says this great financier, "with its vast evangelising and colonising powers, must show its patriotism by paying off this war-debt as quickly as possible in a manner the people will neither miss or begrudge" (*sic*). Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will, no doubt, want to communicate with this gentleman direct; but it won't do, let me warn you, Sir Michael, to play ducks and drakes with the bank-note circulation. After playing Parsimonious Father so long, you will, of course, be rushing now to the other extreme, but it isn't all Prodigal Sons who have the fatted calf slaughtered for them. Miss Mary Kingsley is responsible for the tale of the Missionary gentleman who was told a long story by the father of a bad son, who for years went gallivanting about West Africa, bringing the family into disrepute, and running up debts in all directions, before he finally returned to the paternal roof. "Dear me! How interesting!" said the Missionary. "Quite the parable of the Prodigal Son! I trust, my friend, you remembered it, and killed the fatted calf on his return?" "No, sir," said the parent, "but I welly near kill dat ar prodigal son!"

The Home Railway reports and meetings do not tend to reassure stockholders that the reign of terribly increased charges is anything like over. Lord Stalbridge, at the North-Western meeting last Friday, held out no hope that coal had attained its maximum price, and Sir Ernest Paget, addressing the Midland stockholders, remarked that his *confrères* on the Board were quite willing to consider an increase of rates, in view of the heavy expenditure, if other companies would fall into the same line of thought. Only by some such arrangement can the Railways hope to maintain their dividends for 1900 at the same rate as those of last year, and I doubt very much whether Parliament will allow any alteration of scale in the upward direction. The North-Western Chairman made the proud boast that his company was about to put its four-thousandth engine on the metals, and that they had not had to go out of England for any of their locomotives (a slap at the Midland), nor were they likely to do so. I still maintain that Coal, Iron, and Steel shares are the things to buy. The industry is doing enormously well, but the popular investments have been so much "boomed" by the Daily Press that things like Vickers, Armstrongs, and John Browns are not likely to advance much for the present.

In the Industrial Market, Bovrils are in some request in consequence of the glowing statements by the Chairman at the recent meeting. Readers of *The Sketch* who bought them on the advice given in these columns at 7s. 6d. would do well to take half-a-crown a share profit on them. The money might be re-specified in some of the cheaper Cycle shares. Nothing could be more lifeless or damped-down than the market for Cycles, but the judicious buyer might find it pay him very well to pick up a few here and there. I should counsel a purchase of different lots—Humber, Rudge-Whitworth, and Wearwell, let us say, to start with. The day of Cycle revival is sure to come, although it may be a year or two before those golden hours shall dawn, but the shares are cheap, and some of the lesser-known can be bought for next to nothing. Which reminds me that I went into a shop in the East-End the other day where some tempting marbles were displayed in the window, and asked the price of the "twoers" (your son will explain what I mean, Madam). "Eight a farden," said the proprietress laconically. There are many Cycle shares which you can buy at the rate of eight a pound.

It is a little surprising how firm Foreign stocks continue. If Argentine and Brazilian Bonds can steadily improve in such days of deadly dulness as these, their chances of a rise when the "boom" comes should be great. The grave

uneasiness that is felt outside the House with reference to the Egyptian question finds little response in the Foreign Market itself, where Unified steadily sticks at 103, shedding only an occasional fraction whenever the Continental Press waxes particularly virulent. There has been some recovery this week in Chinese Bonds; perhaps, Panmure Gordon is about to assume the Emperorship; who knows? It would be a grand day for the Stock Exchange when "P. G.," its best-known son, mounted the Celestial Throne and showed the Chinese Ministers how finance can be worked on the square instead of the circle. Wonderful are the stories told of Mr. Panmure Gordon—of his collection of ties, his Scotch estates, his influence within every Bank-parlour in the City; but what need is there of so base a thing as I to sing his fame?

Tense indeed was the strain of excitement in the Kaffir Market when "French has relieved Kimberley" was announced. Prices, however, despite the uproar, did not go up with the same rush that characterised them on "Spion Kop Day," and that shows how jobbers are beginning to learn some of the elements of caution at last. They have been caught once or twice in previous rises, and are getting a little careful as to what they buy, however good the news may be. For the public shows no sign of interesting itself in Kaffirs, and the only orders that the market gets nowadays emanate from Paris, Berlin, or Bishopsgate Street. But professional punting will keep the Circus in a state of liveliness for a long time to come, although this will not help brokers to pay their subscriptions next month. Still, business is bound to come, and when it comes it will be with a rush, and while there's French there's hope.

The West Australian Market is as badly off as the South African, so far as business goes. I still hear well of Hannan's Oroya, and Boulder South are likely to turn out a good thing in the future. By the way, the drop in Associated and Lake View played havoc with the matrimonial intentions of one of the dealers in that market. He was engaged to be married to a charming soubrette, and was to settle an income of a clear thousand a-year upon his fiancée. That was about five months ago. Even while the lawyers were busy with the deed of settlement, the bears were banging Lake View and Associated, into which this poor young man had put a lot of his money. With his wealth thus slipping away, my hero feared lest the Settlement would prove more than he could manage, so the engagement was cancelled, and all things are "as you were." The victim of the slump was not, I may add, THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

In the Railway world the most interesting event has been the speech of Mr. Forbes at the District meeting, and especially that part of it which referred to the experiments which have been made in electric traction. For some time now we have known that, under expert advice of Mr. Preece and Mr. Wolfe Barry, attempts to solve the problem were being attempted. As Mr. Forbes said, it is not a case of building a line adapted to electric traction, but of adapting an ordinary railway over which the locomotives and carriages of other lines are continually running to the new motive-power. That the thing can be done there appears to be very little doubt, and we fully expect to see an electric motor dragging a train from High Street, Kensington, to Earl's Court before the year is out; but what Mr. Forbes did not make clear is where advantage to the shareholders will result from the use of electricity, and from whence the money is to come to effect the vast alteration in the rolling-stock which will be entailed. Unless electricity is cheaper as a motive-power than steam, how will it produce dividends for the shareholders?

It is true, the air will be better in the tunnels and stations, and that perhaps a few more people will travel in consequence; but how electricity, which Mr. Forbes appears to think will cost more to work than steam, is going to save the District, or any other derelict Railway, we fail to understand. Perhaps some reader can furnish an answer to the puzzle.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. M. D.—Your list is a sad one. The Pier Company and the Patent Company we can learn nothing about, while as to the rest, they are, so far as income and prospects go, nearly hopeless. The first company on your list is a very poor concern, which makes no profits and has a debit to profit and loss of over £10,000. The Brighton Company is a wretched concern, in the hands of a receiver, and with no accounts to be obtained since 1895, while the Preference shares and C Debentures of the other Railways appear quite hopeless. The total value of the shares and debentures, other than the two we have no information upon, is not £100.

W. J. J.—We never answer letters unless the name and address of the writer are given. We require these, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

M. W. P.—You do not say what rate of interest you expect to get. Spread your money over the following securities: (1) Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico Prior Lien bonds, (2) Cordoba Central Five per Cent. Debentures, (3) Imperial Continental Gas stock, (4) United States Brewing Company Six per Cent. Debentures.

NEMO.—The class of shares you refer to are all in favour at this moment. If they were our own, we should hold for another seven- or eight-shilling rise, but they cannot be called "a safe and reliable industrial investment."

J. T.—You will probably have to hold the shares because you cannot sell them. We look upon the concern as *very speculative*, but it is backed by some good people. The share-certificates will be issued in about a couple of months more; but, if you can find a purchaser, there is no need to wait for this.

ANXIOUS.—See answer to "M. W. P." We sent you the broker's name and address by private letter on the 15th inst.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.